

FRENCH STILL HOLDS GERMANS AT BAY

BIG GUNS FROM PARIS FORTS ARE BEING RUSHED TO FRONT

General von Kluck Striving to Prevent a Disastrous Retreat

GERMANS MAKE ATTACK ALONG THE FRONT

Battle resumed at daybreak this morning. With the allies vigorously pushing their enveloping movement against the German right—Germans again cross the frontier in Lorraine—Berlin hears that the allies show signs of weakening after their desperate fighting—praise given by Kaiser's war strategists to the French in the latter's valiant efforts to silence the guns of the German invaders.

(By International News Service.)
Bordeaux, Sept. 22.—War Minister Millerand announces today that the Germans' extreme right wing has given way and the French had completed their line, bringing a steel wall up against the German center, and that the allies are making constant progress.

Result Still Unknown.
General Millerand has renamed the present conflict "The battle of two rivers," because the fighting now extends to the river Oise.

The result, he said, will be unknown for several days, but the allies, undoubtedly will conquer.

Rushing Big Guns to Front.
Paris, Sept. 22.—Heavy guns in the Paris forts have been rushed to the front to reply to the bombardment of the Germans' positions.

While at the same time the allies continue the pressure against the invaders' right wing.

Battling is Resumed.
Following yesterday's lull an engagement (actually four battles) was resumed vigorously at daybreak today, with the allies furiously pushing the enveloping movement against the German right.

Trying to Prevent Retreat.
General von Kluck is moving hundreds of guns into position to protect his lines of communication and prevent a retreat which would expose the rear of the troops stationed in the Craonne region.

Germans Take Offensive.
It was officially stated today that the Germans have taken the offensive along the whole front without appreciable results. On our left wing, on the right bank of the Oise, the Germans have given ground before the French attack. Between the Oise and the Aisne rivers the situation is unchanged.

Long Range Bombardment.
"The enemy has made no serious attacks, but are engaged in long range bombardments at the center, between Reims and Soissons."

"The enemy was repulsed while attempting an offensive movement. On our right, in Lorraine, the enemy has crossed the frontier again with small columns, occupying Dormestice, to the south of Blamont."

"This week we have captured 20 revolvers and a number of prisoners."

French Said to be Weakening.
Berlin, Sept. 22.—It is officially stated that "the enemy shows signs of weakening as a result of continued attempts to capture our positions. Contrarywise our troops fighting from well fortified positions, have secured a rest and are taking a strong offensive."

"Great valor was shown by the enemy's troops in charging repeatedly and attempting to silence our artillery but they are always repulsed."

Three British Cruisers Sunk by a Submarine
(Official to the Progress.)
London, Sept. 22, 2:34 P. M.—The British admiralty announced this afternoon that the British cruisers Cressey, Hogue and Abukir were sunk by a German submarine in the North sea. No particulars of the disaster have been made public.

EVENING OF MUSIC AT ELEVENTH ST. CHURCH

The Epworth chorus of the Eleventh street M. E. church will give an entertainment and social this evening, September 22, at 8 o'clock. An admission fee of 15 cents for adults and 10 cents for children will be charged. A very entertaining program will be rendered, as follows:

Part One.
Orchestra—Miss Mary McKelvey.
Vocal solo—Miss Alma Litz.
Violin solo—Miss Alma Litz.
Male chorus—Popular selections.
Vocal duet—Alma and Dorris Litz.
Cornet solo—Wright Turner.
Vocal duet—Mrs. R. C. Peters, Mrs. Roy Confer.

Part Two.
Selection—By the choir.
Solo—Mrs. Roy Confer.
Selection—Girls chorus.
Musical specialty—Alex Black.
Male chorus—Popular selection.
Solo—Mrs. R. C. Peters.
Instrumental duet—Miss Dorris Litz, Miss Hannah Barton.
Stunt—Harry Evans.

VERDICT FOR DEFENDANT IN MARINO-SPINGOLA CASE

Before Judge Hall Monday afternoon the case of Philip Marino vs. Frank Spingola occupied the time of civil court, the jury retiring at the evening adjournment. This morning the jury reported they had found a verdict for the defendant.

This morning the case of William Krause vs. E. J. Goodyear & Son Co., was taken up and was still on at the noon adjournment.

There being no cases ready for Judge Bell's court it was not in session this morning.

RECKLESS MOTORISTS MEET WITH ACCIDENT MONDAY

Last evening about 5 o'clock an accident occurred at the upper end of Reedsville where the road makes a detour to go around the new street. People who watched the accident saw a car with a man and a woman in it coming at a terrific speed down the road, then there was a whirl of dust and pieces of the machine as the car struck the bank. Neither of the occupants of the car was seriously hurt, although the woman was thrown some distance from it upon the bank. They had made the distance from DuBois in 55 minutes. The car was demolished, parts of wheels and pieces of machinery lying in every direction. The people, who were from DuBois, were brought down town in a buggy and returned to DuBois on the train.

Will Fight Revenue Measure

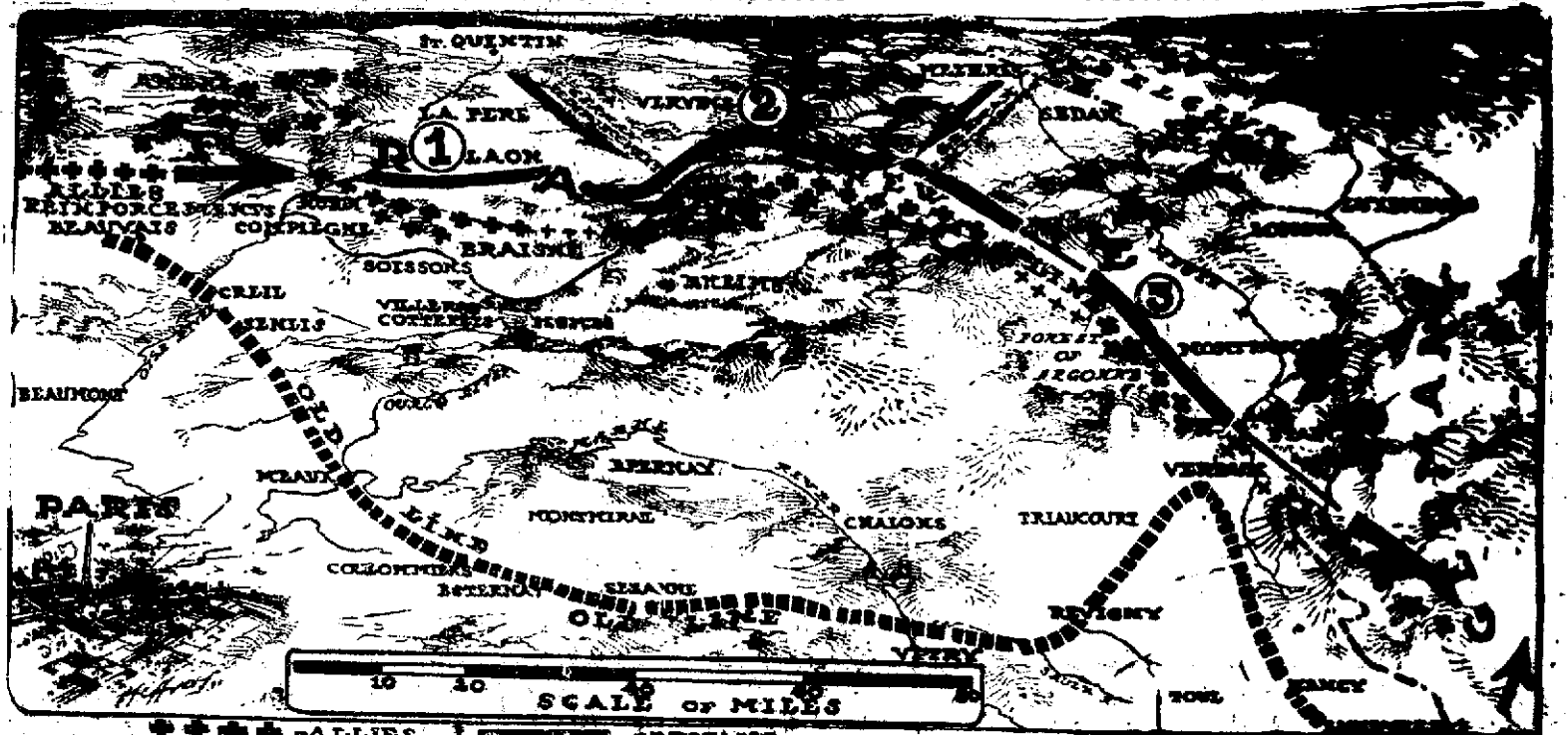
(Special to the Progress.)
Washington, Sept. 22.—By a strict party vote the ways and means committee ordered a favorable report on the emergency revenue bill introduced by Mr. Underwood yesterday.

ODD FELLOWS ATTEND CORNER STONE LAYING

Clearfield Odd Fellows will be interested in knowing that the cornerstone of another one of the group of buildings which will form the big Masonic home at Elizabethtown, was laid today at noon by Grand Master J. Henry Williams. This is the John Henry Pannar Memorial cottage, a structure which will be one of the handiwork of the group. Hundreds of Masons of the state attended the ceremony.

LILLIAN RUSSELL UNDER THE KNIFE OF SURGEON

(By International News Service.)
Pittsburgh, Sept. 22.—Lillian Russell was operated on for appendicitis at the West Penn hospital today. Her physicians say she is progressing favorably.



TOWNS OF THE WESTERN FRONT ARE DRAWN UP IN HISTORY'S GREATEST BATTLE. No. 1.—Attack on the German right and the allies' turning movement. No. 2.—Assault on the German center reported to be successful. No. 3.—Attack on the Crown Prince's army where a desperate attempt is being made to cut it off from the rest of the German force.

LOUVAIN MECCA FOR IRISHMEN

Its Destruction Brings a Pang to the Heart of Sons of Erin

UNIVERSITY WAS DEMOLISHED

Was the Great School for Irish Students for Centuries—Contained 70,000 Volumes of Priceless Manuscripts, all of Which Are Believed to Have Been Destroyed.

(By International News Service.)
London, Sept. 22.—In spite of the controversy over the exact extent to which the ancient city of Louvain was damaged, the Allies contending that the Germans practiced vandalism and destroyed priceless architectural and art works, while the Germans declare they left the greater portion of the town unharmed, it is certain that the great University there was demolished.

The destruction of Louvain has brought a pang to the hearts of the Irish people, for the University of Louvain was for centuries the great university for Irish students, and especially ecclesiastical students, there being no such institution in Ireland itself. Salamanca in Spain and Coimbra in Portugal were others, and the Irish College in Paris—a much later foundation than the others—also did good work for Irish education; but Louvain was the one most intimately connected with this country.

During the last two centuries or so it has turned out over three hundred Irish priests and nearly thirty Irish Bishops and Archbishops and it was the principal center of the education of the Irish priesthood right through the century of the Penal Laws up to the establishment of Maynooth in 1793 a project which was warmly supported by the British Government, because it was thought that the education of the Irish clergy on the Continent, and especially in France, was inimical to the interests of the State.

Many of the priests educated at Louvain went on the Mission, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to other countries in Europe, but the majority came back to Ireland—at the risk of their lives.

There was another tie between Ireland and Louvain University, the tie of Irish learning. The Times the other day, after the burning stated that the Library of the University contained 70,000 volumes of "priceless manuscripts," and a large number of these were Irish.

Indeed, when the Four Masters proceeded to compile their marvelous and stupendous work, "The Annals of Ireland," on which the history of Ireland is solidly based, O'Clery, the principal of them, was hospitably welcomed there and given every facility to consult their literary treasures.

In due time, an Irish college was established in the University and from time to time was endowed with bursaries by Irish people, especially during the days of the Penal laws, and by the officers and men of the Irish Brigade in France, who had left for that country after the siege of Limerick in 1690.

These bursaries have not, apparently,

Twenty-Three Forts Taken by Russians

Czar's Artillery Still Bombarding Przemyśl and Jaroslav, but Have Failed to Make Breaches in Walls

Austrian Rear Guard Suffers Severely

(By International News Service.)
Petrograd, Sept. 22.—It was officially announced today that "five of the 23 forts at Jaroslav were shattered by Russian guns, but 18 still held out. The bombardment of Przemyśl continues, but there are no breaches in the walls of the forts."

Advancing on Cracow.
The main Russian army is steadily advancing on Cracow. War minister Sukhomlinoff points out that the swampy Silesia will slow up the Russian progress to about half speed.

Austrians Have Heavy Losses.
In Galicia the Russians have pursued the rear guard of the Austrians, who suffered important losses. The Russians have come in contact with Przemyśl and heavy Russian artillery is bombarding the works at Jaroslav.

Hundreds of Prisoners.
London, Sept. 22.—Russian cavalry captured the town of Dubiecko, on the River San, yesterday, took hundreds of prisoners, several battalions of artillery and wagonloads of ammunition and supplies.

Dubiecko is 30 miles west of the invested fortress of Przemyśl and it marks the furthest advance of the Russian center against Cracow. Already the Russians hold Silesia north of Jaroslav, and Rezesow, to the west, while their occupation of Sambor, southeast of Przemyśl, assured them the district important to cut off Austrian reinforcements.

Reinforcements for Cracow.
Vienna, Sept. 22.—Heavy reinforcements are being rushed to Cracow.

Will Winter in Florida.
Harry A. Reed and family have moved their household goods to Mahanoy, where the same will be stored for some months. The family will spend a month or six weeks at the Prothero place, near McGee Mills. They expect to spend this winter with Mr. Reed's parents, near Jacksonville, Fla.

Electrical Wizard Invents New Wonder

Thomas A. Edison in his workshop Orange, N. J., Sept. 22.—A new triumph for Thomas A. Edison is ready for the market. The electrical genius calls it a "telescribe" and its function is to record on a phonograph both sides of the ordinary telephone conversation.

NEW ESTEY ORGAN BEING INSTALLED BY LUTHERANS

The new Estey pipe organ is being installed in the Lutheran church this week. The remodeling of the church will be completed in a very short time after the organ is in, as only a few minor things remain to be done. The church is nearly one-half larger than it was before.

The synod for the eastern part of the state meets here October 1 and lasts until the 6th.

Contract Almost Complete.
George L. Bener, contractor of Curwensville, spent some time in Clearfield Monday. Mr. Bener is constructing the long stretch of state highway at the east end of Curwensville and will soon have his contract completed, when that borough will have a fine piece of brick paved highway.

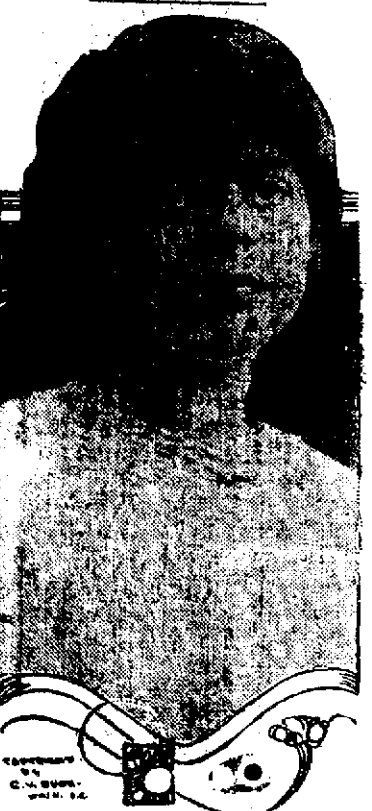
British Cable Cut By German Cruiser

By German Cruiser

British Cable Cut By German Cruiser

(By International News Service.)
Wellington, N. Z., Sept. 22.—A wireless operator on Planning island attempted to send the details of a German cruiser cutting the British cable in Australia, but the message broke off.

"I see a 3-funnel cruiser at a distance coming nearer. It is flying the French flag." Believed the wireless station was disabled by a shell.



MISS LUCY BURLESON

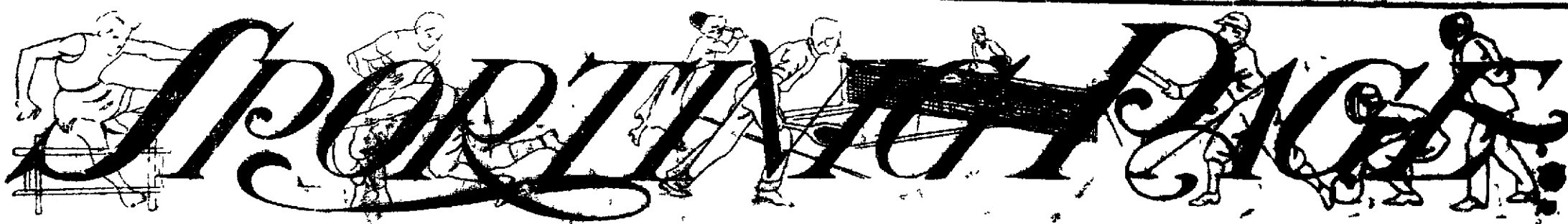
MISS LUCY BURLESON, daughter of the postmaster general, who is taking an active part in pushing Miss Genevieve Clark's novel plan for a national cotton bargain sale week.

WILL WINTER IN FLORIDA

Harry A. Reed and family have moved their household goods to Mahanoy, where the same will be stored for some months. The family will spend a month or six weeks at the Prothero place, near McGee Mills. They expect to spend this winter with Mr. Reed's parents, near Jacksonville, Fla.

FELL DOWN ELEVATOR SHAFT

Lloyd Taylor, a tinner, accidentally fell down an elevator shaft at DuBois Monday morning, and severely injured his foot. Landing on some sawdust on the ground Taylor escaped serious injury.



MORE ABOUT NUMBERING BIG FOOTBALL PLAYERS

(By International News Service)
New York, Sept. 22.—W. G. Penfield, coach of the Princeton Tigers, expresses sentiments in his letter concerning the plan to number football players that surely must strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the legions of football enthusiasts who have been pleading for the universal adoption of the plan.

Penfield says: "It is our plan to number our players this fall. The only objection to numbering the players is that it enables scouts from other teams to follow the work of the individuals better. This in my mind, is rather a childish and unsportsmanlike objection."

"Without doubt, the numbers are a help to the spectators who even though they may be familiar with the players in their suits, have difficulty in distinguishing them."

Penfield is right. The objections raised by the coaches along the lines mentioned by Penfield are childish. If anyone team's players were numbered, it might prove a disadvantage to that team. But if both are numbered, where is the advantage for either side?

Brickley, an Harvard wasn't numbered last year yet every man who played against Harvard knew Brickley and where he played. He didn't need a number on his back to let the enemy know where he was stationed. It was the same with Mahan, the Harvard halfback with Tobey Baker, of Princeton, Craig of Michigan, Des Jardian of Chicago and with every other player on every team in the game.

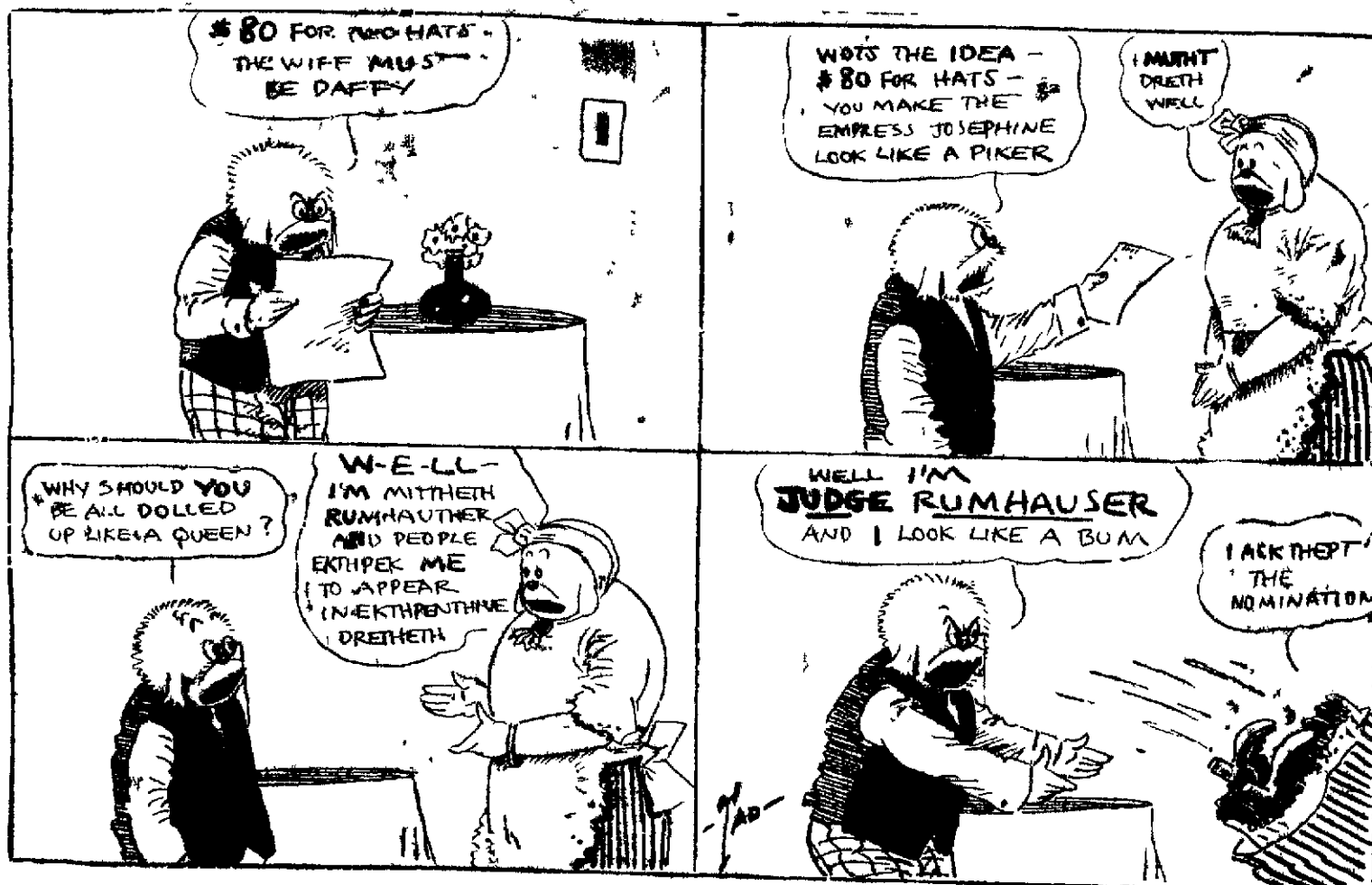
If some coaches think the opposition doesn't know who their star players are or where they play, we wish to inform them that before each game the lineups are announced and these lineups tell where every man plays. When a change is made in the lineup during the game that change is noted on the scoreboard. Never for a moment during the progress of the game is the enemy unaware of just what men are in the game and the position they are playing.

Percy Haughton of Harvard who didn't answer the letter sent to him is an opponent of the numbering rule. Haughton last year took the stand that the students and graduates of the colleges supported the game, and that the colleges weren't catering to the general public. So why number the players?

For the benefit of Haughton and others who reason along the same "public be damned" line, who'd like to state that after a student graduates he becomes a member of the general public. Men who graduated ten, twenty and thirty years ago are not familiar with the players of today. The players are strangers to the old graduates as they are to those who never went to the colleges who are fighting it out on the gridiron.

The coaches should bear in mind, too, that approximately 35 per cent of the attendance at the big college games is made up of women. Most of the big eastern and some of the western colleges are not coeducational. Therefore, the ladies had no chance to become students or old grads of those institutions and thus become acquainted with the players. The ladies would like to know, during the progress of the game just who's who. And they'll never know until the players wear numbers on their backs.

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT



Baseball

National League
Chicago 6, New York 0
Cincinnati 2, Brooklyn 9 (1st)
Cincinnati 2, Brooklyn 8 (2nd)
Pittsburg 5, Boston 6
St. Louis 6, Philadelphia 3

American League
Boston 5, Detroit 5 (called 11th darkness)
Philadelphia 4, Cleveland 5
Washington 6, Chicago 1 (11th)
New York 4, St. Louis 1

Federal League
Kansas City 11, Brooklyn 3
St. Louis 5, Pittsburg 2
Chicago 2, Baltimore 3
Indianapolis 9, Buffalo 1

Accepts Winburne Challenge
Captain Alfred Saint Clair of the Munson baseball team informs us that his club has accepted Winburne's challenge to play a series of three games. The first game will take place at Winburne on Wednesday, September 25, and the second at Munson on Friday, September 27. A third game, necessary if it will be played off at either Morrisdale or Phillipsburg at a date to be made known later.

Manager J. A. Ross states that the famous Blue Ball baseball team has won sixteen out of twenty games played this season. This is a good showing and reflects credit on the manager and team alike.

Connie Mack says he believes Doc Lavan, the diminutive infielder now with the Browns is going to make one of the real stars of the game.

The report that Cy Falkenberg had planned to jump back to the Cleveland Naps led many fans to wonder if Cyrus wouldn't stand investigating.

Two former Boston Braves, Hal Myers of the Brooklyn Dodgers and Knut of the Indianapolis Hoosiers, are having a grand battle for the leadership of base stealers in the Federal League.

SPITBALL IS IN DISREPUTE

Wise Pitchers in Big Leagues Have Cast Most Spheres Aside—Shortest Careers

The spitball is falling into disrepute. Very few of the twirlers in the big leagues are using it today and those who do are using it sparingly. The wise pitchers have cast it aside knowing that even though the use of the most thing may add to their string of victories it will mean the shortening of their careers.

Jack Chesbro used it back in 1904 when he almost pitched the Yankees into the leadership of the league. But the use of the spitball practically ruined Chesbro as a star performer. Ed Walsh used the spitball for several years and his success was phenomenal. But the price was high for Walsh's arm today is in such condition that he never knows whether it will serve him the full route or whether a kink will appear and force him to surrender the hurling job to a relief pitcher.

Jeff Tesreau used the spitball to a great extent when he first landed on major league soil. But he isn't doing it with such reckless abandon as of yore. Jeff soon learned that the spitball kinked the arm if used freely and now he throws it only in emergencies.

There are several other pitchers in the big leagues who still throw the spitball but they are throwing it just about a half dozen times during the game. Some of the fans believe they throw it often because of the deception practiced by the pitcher—putting the ball up near the mouth and seeming to lubricate it. Batters aren't fond of spitballs. They hate to see



Ed Walsh of Chicago White Sox.

them coming. Both the pitchers who have discarded the use of the dampened twister very often bust at pitching.

The passing of the spitball comes as good news to the infielders. In the years when the spitball was generally used errors were frequent on account of the spitball. A pitcher would toss the ball freely with saliva and slippery elm or tobacco juice, a batter would hammer it to the infield, the infielder would grab it and start to throw, only to find that the slippery ball had slipped from his fingers. Quite often when the infielder was able to get the ball away in the direction of the base the ball would take a wild slant and result in a horrible error.

A want ad in the Progress may start you on the way to riches.



LIPTON HOPES FOR CUP RACE NEXT YEAR

St. Thomas J. Lipton, the English yachtman who is now talking of holding the races for the America's cup in 1918.

INSURES LIVES OF UMPIRES

National League Takes Out Policies for Its Baseballers—Not Afraid of Fans

Arrangements have just been completed whereby the National League has taken out accident insurance policies in favor of the ten umpires on the rolls of this organization.

This is not due to any demonstrations on the part of players or spectators that have been made or may be made against the persons of the arbiters of play, although it is not likely that the chance of some wayward soda pop bottle colliding with some umpire, some thought was altogether ignored.

The action of the league authorities is in line with a policy of protecting against railroad accidents, flying balls and the like, it being the practice when an umpire has been injured in the line of duty to defray the cost of medical and surgical attention, while at the same time keeping the incapacitated field judges upon the salary rolls during periods of inactivity.

Terms of the policies call for a payment of \$25 a week while victims are out of commission, \$100 in event of death and \$10,000 in event of death in a railroad accident. It is considered likely that the American league will follow suit.

The greatest factors in the various baseball races this season are conspicuous by their absence—the fans.

German Schaeffer, a loud in his praise of the Boston Braves, and says Stallings' team is going to nose out the Giants.

Rudolph, Tyler and James have been the pitchers who have done the most consistent work for Stallings this summer.

RAILROAD

GRAVE DANGERS CONFRONT ROADS BECAUSE OF WAR

The problems arising from the European war confronting the country as to the difficulties in marketing our many varied productions are momentous. As asserted by F. B. Bush, president of the Missouri Pacific, in St. Louis this week adding that the war would affect railroads adversely. This war emergency will impact their credit so that under the present conditions of inadequate revenues all attempts to finance railroad securities will be futile. This is the greatest danger with which railroads have been menaced in their history. They are thus not only deprived of the means to meet current urgent needs in affording adequate service, but they are confronted with the problem as to how they can take care of outstanding obligations which mature in the near future. A careful computation of these obligations shows there are upward of \$578,000,000 in default at present time \$34,000,000 of which must be met before the end of this year and \$44,000,000 between now and the end of next year. It is not less to say that if these obligations are not met other industrial interests dependent on the railroads will be in jeopardy as well as the railroad itself. The probability is that for a long time a complete American securities market will not exist in Europe.

Permission to Electrify

The New York public service commission has granted the application of the Jamestown, Westfield & North western railroad to change the motive power from steam to electricity and to issue \$100,000 capital stock which is to be given to Sheldon B. and Almet W. Broadhead as payment for properties purchased from the receivers of the Jamestown, Chautauque & Lake Erie railway.

Enginemen Weigh Measures

Members of the legislative committee of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Trainmen comprising 72 members from the railroad centers of the state Saturday began their business session for the discussion of bills to be presented to the legislature. They will be here for a week and a program will be drawn up and bills outlined.

Can Shops Becoming Busy

The first indication of a business revival in the ironing and large machine trade plants here last week when it was announced that in the week the Pullman Company yesterday had taken on 200 men in its shops in this city and expects to continue taking on men

\$10,000 IN CASH MAY GO TO PROGRESS READER

One of the Most Remarkable Offers Ever Made is Now Presented to the Readers of This Paper

The Great sum of \$10,000.00 is to be given to one person only, and that person might as well be a reader of the Progress as any one else. Perhaps you will wonder how the Progress can make that offer, and before we explain, let us ask you a few questions.

Have you ever followed a mystery to its conclusion? Have you ever felt that a great crime all by yourself? If you have not you ought to realize right now that all criminals try to cover their trails, and clever criminals such as the "Black Hundred" in the "Million Dollar Mystery" succeed.

It takes a great—the greatest detective to point the way and we have him in the person of

You perhaps wonder what he has to do with the \$10,000 so we thus explain. First of all "The Million Dollar Mystery" is a deep mystery novel from the pen of Harold McGrath and was written for the Thannhouser Moving Picture company, who produced it in serial form all except the last two reels, and these they will not make till some one person solves the mystery. And they offer \$10,000.00 to the one person who does solve it. The Million Dollar Mystery will ap-



pear consecutively at the Globe Theatre, commencing Tuesday, Sept. 22. The story in the Progress commencing this evening, (Tuesday) and continuing every week. Solutions are to be addressed to the Thannhouser Film Corporation, Dept. A, New Rochelle, N. Y. Solutions must be received not later than midnight January 14, 1918. This allows eight weeks after the first appearance of the last film and seven weeks after the appearance of the last chapter in the newspaper in which to submit your solution.

Solutions of the mystery must not contain more than one hundred words. There is no other special condition as to what the solution must conform to—it should be just what you think is the most acceptable solution after following the mystery through to the twenty-second episode.

Here are some questions to be kept in mind in connection with the mystery as a hint to the solution.

No. 1—What becomes of the million dollars?
No. 2—What became of the million dollars?
No. 3—Who does the million dollars belong to?
No. 4—What becomes of the Russian countess?

A board of three judges, Harold McGrath, Fred Longman and Ma Thine will determine which of the solutions received is the most acceptable. The judgment of the board will be final and no appeal will be allowed.

until further notice. The work on full time.

WANTED: A Bright Young Man

A long established and reputable house 40 years in business—has an opening in this city for a resident representative. He will be largely his own boss, work pleasant and agreeable, he will receive more than \$35.00 on the bottom door, and previous experience is not essential. This is a real opportunity for a young man of good appearance, wide circle of acquaintance and a genuine desire to make good in a profitable kind of work. Live earnest reply, mail returns first consideration.

FOSTER GILROY
301 Lafayette Street
New York

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - \$2,590,040.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.

H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.

W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singletop Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling

W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy

A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray

W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The Last Shot

By
FREDERICK PALMER

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"We'll spare any of them who has the luck to get this far!" whispered mysteriously to his rifle. The sentence was spoken in the midst of a salvo of shrapnel cracks, which he did not hear. He heard nothing, thought nothing, except to kill.

The Gray batteries on the plain, having taken up a new position and being reinforced, played on the crest at top speed instantly the Gray line came and started up the slope at the run. With the purpose of confusing the less than killing, they used percussion, which burst on striking the ground, as well as shrapnel, which burst by a time-fuse in the air. Pounding of god and dirt shot upward in almost depending sprays of bullets. The concussion of the earth shook the men of Dellarme's men, blinded smoke and dust, as they fired through a fog of bent figures whose legs were pumping fast in dim pantomime.

But the guns of the Browns, also, have word that the charge has begun. The signal corporal is waiting for the salute from Dellarme agreed upon as an announcement. The Brown artillery commander cuts his fuses two hundred and fifty yards short. He, too, uses percussion for moral effect.

Half of the distance from the foot of the crest of the knoll Fracasse's men have gone in face of the hot, sizzling tornado of bullets, when there is a blast of explosions in their faces with all the chaotic and irresistible force of a volcanic eruption. Not only are they in the midst of the first lot of the Browns' shells at the shorter range, but one Gray battery has either made a mistake in cutting its fuses or struck a streak of powder below standard and its shells burst among those whom it is aiming to assist.

The ground seems rising under the feet of Fracasse's company; the air is split and racked and wrenched and torn with hideous screams of invisible demons. The men stop; they act on the uncontrollable instinct of self-preservation against an overwhelming force of nature. A few without the power of locomotion drop, faces



A Blood-Curdling Burst of Whistles Passed Over His Head.

pressed to the ground. The rest fled toward a shoulder of the slope through the instinct that leads a hunted man in a street into an alley. In a confusion of arms and legs, pressing one on the other, no longer soldiers, only a mob, they throw themselves behind the first protection that offers itself. Fracasse also runs. He runs from the flame of a furnace door suddenly thrown open.

The Gray batteries have ceased firing; certain gunners' ears burn under the words of inquiry as to the cause of the mistake from an artillery commander. Dellarme's men are hugging the earth too close to cheer. A desire to spring up and yell may be in their hearts, but they know the danger of showing a single unnecessary inch of their craniums above the sky-line. The sounds that escape their throats are those of a winning team at a tug of war as diaphragms relax.

With the smoke clearing, they see 20 or 30 Grays plastered on the slope at the point where the charge was checked. Every one of those prostrate forms is within fatal range. Not one moves a finger; even the living are feigning death in the hope of surviving. Among them is little Peterkin, so faithful in forcing his refractory legs to keep pace with his comrades. If he is always up with them they will never know what is in his heart and tell him a coward. As he has been knocked unconscious, he has not been in the pell-mell retreat.

His first stabbing thought on coming to was that he must be dead; but, no; he was opening his eyes sticky with dust. At least, he must be wounded!

He had not power yet to move his hands in order to feel where, and when they grew alive enough to move, what he saw in front of him held them frigidly still. His nerves went searching from his head to his feet and—miracle of heaven!—found no point of pain or spot soppy with blood. If he were really hit there was bound to be one or the other, he knew from reading.

Between him and the faces of the Browns—yes, the actual, living, terrible Browns—above the glint of their rifle barrels, was no obstacle that could stop a bullet, though not more than three feet away was a crater made by a shell burst. The black circle of every muzzle on the crest seemed to be pointing at him. When were they going to shoot? When was he to be executed? Would he be shot in many places and die thus? Or would the very first bullet go through his head? Why didn't they fire? What were they waiting for? The suspense was unbearable. The desperation of overwhelming fear driving him in irresponsible impulses, he doubled up his legs and with a cat's leap sprang for the crater.

A blood-curdling burst of whistles passed over his head as a dozen rifles cracked. This time he was surely killed! He was in some other world! Which was it, the good or the bad? The good, for he had a glimpse of blue sky. No, that could not be, for he had been alive when he leaped for the crater, and there he was pressed against the soft earth of its bottom. He burrowed deeper blissfully. He was the nearest to the enemy of any man of the 128th, and he certainly had passed through a gamut of emotions in the half-hour since Eugene Aronson had leaped over a white post.

"Confound it! If we'd kept on we'd have got them! Now we have to do it all over again!" growled Fracasse distractedly as he looked around at the faces hugging the cover of the shoulder—faces asking, "What next?" each in its own way: faces blank and white; faces with lips working and eyes blinking; faces with the blood rushing back to cheeks in baffled anger. One, however, was half smiling—Hugo Mallin's.

"You did your share of the running. I'll warrant, Mallin!" said Fracasse excitedly, venting his disgust on a particular object.

"Yes, sir," answered Hugo. "It was very hard to maintain a semblance of dignity. Yes, sir, I kept near you all the time. Wasn't that what you wanted me to do, sir?"

Three or four men burst into a hysterical laugh as if something had broken in their throats. Everybody felt better for this touch of drollery except the captain. Yet, possibly, it may have helped him in recovering his poise. Sometimes even a pin-prick will have this effect.

"Silence!" he said in his old manner. "I will give you something to joke about other than a little setback like this! Get up there with your rifles!"

He formed the nucleus of a firing line under cover of the shoulder, and then set the remainder of his company to work with their spades making a trench. The second battalion of the 128th, which faced the knoll, was also digging at the base of the slope, and another regiment in reserve was deploying on the plain. After the failure to rush the knoll the Gray commander had settled down to the business of a systematic approach.

And what of those of Fracasse's men who had not run but had dropped in their tracks when the charge halted? They were between two lines of fire. There was no escape. Some of the wounded had a mercifully quick end; others suffered the consciousness of being hit again and again; the dead were bored through with bullet holes. In torture, the survivors prayed for death; for all had to die except Peterkin, the party-faced little valet's son.

Peterkin was quite safe, hugging the bottom of the shell crater under a swarm of hornets. In a surprisingly short time he became accustomed to the situation and found himself ravenously hungry, for the strain of the last 12 hours had burned up tissue. He took a biscuit out of his knapsack and began nibbling it, as became a true rodent.

CHAPTER X.

Marta's First Glimpse of War. As Marta and the children came to the door of the chapel after the recitation of the oath, she saw the civil population moving along the street in the direction of the range. There was nothing for Marta to do but start homeward. The thought that her mother was alone made her hasten at a pace much more rapid than the procession of people, whose talk and exclamations formed a monotone audible in its nearness, despite the continuous rifle-fire, now broken by the pounding of the guns.

"It's all done to beat the Grays, isn't it, Miss Galland? They are trying to take our land," said Jacky Werther as Marta parted from him.

"Yes, it is done to beat the Grays," she answered. "Good luck, Jacky!"

Yes, yes, to beat the Grays! The same idea—the fighting nature, the brute nature of man—animated both sides. Had the Browns really tried for peace? Had they, in the spirit of her oath, appealed to justice and reason? Why hadn't their premier before all the world said to the premier of the Grays, as one honest, friendly neighbor to another over a matter of dispute:

"We do not want war. We know you outnumber us, but we know you would not take advantage of that. If we are wrong we will make amends; if you are wrong we know that you will. Let us not play tricks in secret to gain points, we civilized nations, but be frank with each other. Let us not try to irritate each other or to influence our people, but to realize how much we have in common and that our only purpose is common progress and happiness."

At the turn of the road in front of the castle she saw the gunners of the batteries making an emplacement for their guns in a field of carrots that had not yet been harvested. The roots of golden yellow were mixed with the tossing spade-tails of earth.

A shadow like a great cloud in mad flight shot over the earth, and with the gunners she looked up to see a Gray dirigible. Already it was turning homeward; already it had gained its object as a scout. On the fragile platform of the gondola was a man, seemingly a human mite aiming a tiny toy gun. His target was one of the Brown aeroplanes.

"They're in danger of cutting their own envelope! They can't get the angle! The plane is too high!" exclaimed the artillery commander. Both he and his men forgot their work in watching the spectacle of aerial David against aerial Goliath. "If our man lands with his little bomb, oh, my!" he grinned. "That's why he is so high. He's been waiting up there."

"Pray God he will!" exclaimed one of the gunners.

"Look at his aeroplane—motor at full speed, too!"

"Into it! Making sure! Oh, splendid!" cried the artillery commander. A ball of lightning shot forth sheets of flame. Dirigible and plane were hidden in an ugly swirl of yellowish smoke, rolling out into a purple cloud that spread into prismatic mist over the descent of cavoring human bodies and broken machinery and twisted braces, flying pieces of tattered or burning cloth. David has taken Goliath down with him in a death grip.

An aeroplane following the dirigible as a screen, hoping to get home with information if the dirigible were lost, had escaped the sharpshooters in the church tower by flying around the town. However, it ran within range of the automatic and the sharpshooters on top of the castle tower. They fell off the bull's-eye but their bullets, rimming the target, crippling the motor, and cutting braces, brought the crawling wings about the helpless pilot. The watching gunners uttered "Aha!" of horror and triumph as they saw him fall, gliding this way and that, in the agony of slow descent.

"Come, now!" called the artillery commander. "We are wasting precious time."

Entering the grounds of the Galland house, Marta had to pass to one side of the path, now blocked by army wagons and engineers' materials and tools. Soldiers carrying sand-bags were taking the shortest cut, trampling the flowers on their way.

"Do you know whose property this is?" she demanded in a burst of anger.

"Ours—the nation's!" answered one, perspiring freely at his work. "Sorry!" he added on second thought.

Already parts of the first terrace were shoulder-high with sand-bags and one automatic had been set in place. Marta observed as she turned to the veranda. There her mother sat in her favorite chair, hands relaxed as they rested on its arms, while she looked out over the valley in the superhuman quality that comes to some women under a strain—as soldiers who have been on sieges can tell you—that some psychologists interpret one way and some another, none knowing even their own wives.

"Marta, did any of the children come?" Mrs. Galland asked in her usual pleasant tone. So far as she was concerned, the activity on the terrace did not exist. She seemed oblivious of the fact of war.

Marta's monosyllabic absently answering the question was expressive of her wonder at her mother. Most girls do not know their mothers much better than psychologists know their wives.

"Marta, whatever happens one should go regularly about what he considers his duty," said Mrs. Galland. "They have been as considerate as they could, evidently by Colonel Lan-

astron's orders," she proceeded, nodding toward the industrious engineers. "And they've packed all the paintings



She Looked Up to See a Gray Dirigible.

and works of art and put them in the cellar, where they will be safe.

The captain of engineers in command, seeing Marta, hurried toward her.

"Miss Galland, isn't it?" he asked. "I have been waiting for you. I—I well, I found that I could not make the situation clear to your mother."

(To be Continued.)

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AMUSEMENTS

Ceddes' The Funny Housemaid in

"A Pair of Shirts."

One of the most original comic characters now on the stage is that of "Ceddes," an eccentric housemaid in "A Pair of Shirts," which will be seen at the opera house tonight. She is singular and quaint in appearance and is prominent in the action of the play through her "infatuation" for a beggar, one of the rich partners who is forced to act as the butler in his partner's household. Ceddes believes that he is a sure-enough a tramp and sets her cap for him, greatly to the distress and peace of mind. The character made such a great hit in New York that the newspapers devoted columns to it. The part will be played here by the well known actress Nellie McHenry, who was for nearly years a prominent star.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

At the opera house Friday night. On Friday night Al. Martin's 50,000 dollar revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin will be presented at the New opera house, with a cast of 50 people, two bands and a special orchestra. The scenery is especially worthy of mention as they carry everything to make the scenes look natural. Besides the regular actors and actresses in the show they have a chorus of 20 colored men and women singing old songs of Fere de war. This show which has been on the American stage for over 50 years still holds the public's fancy and everywhere it has been greeted with large and appreciative audiences. Seats are now on sale. Prices 25-45 and 50 cents. Children in the gallery 15c. 9 19 71.

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Washington State Ticket

United States Senator

Gifford Pinchot, Pike county.

Lieutenant Governor.

Perry F. Smith, Allegheny county.

Secretary of Internal Affairs.

Fred E. Lewis, Lehigh county.

Congress-at-Large.

Lex N. Mitchell, Jefferson county.

Arthur J. Knapley, Cumberland county.

Anderson H. Walters, Cambria county.

Harry Watson, Mercer county.

Washington District Ticket

Congress—21 District.

Guy B. Mayo, McKean county.

Senator—34 District.

Alonso S. Moulthrop, Clearfield.

Washington County Ticket

For Legislature.

Earl G. Boone, Brady township.

Edward Lippert, Lawrence township.

Alberta G. Woodward, Curwensville.

IMPORTANT DATES.

Bucktail regiment reunion Wellsboro, Sept. 24.

Home talent show by Clearfield fire company No. 1, opera house, Oct. 12 and 13.

General election, November 3.

Christmas, Friday, December 25.

September 22, 1914

Good evening! If you do not feel cheerful, don't mingle with people who are cheerful.

What has become of the man who used to take his exercise with a buck-saw?

Some of the local Democrats have given up politics as a strategic movement.

Still, there is hope that Palmer will see the advisability of retiring before the frosts come.

Whether she wear gowns designed in Paris or in Squedunk, the American girl will eclipse her European sister anyway.

Young Dick Quay is hardly the kind of man that the voters of Pennsylvania would flock around for advice on politics.

First, Louvain, then Reims. And these cities were ruined by the ruler of a nation who said the czar of Russia was a barbarian.

One month of hard work on the public roads or streets would be a governor punishment for the wife beater than a year in the penitentiary.

President Wilson's declaration that he was about to inaugurate an era of economy is a confession that the Democrats in congress have been very extravagant.

English suffragettes are going to the front as nurses, and it will be well for the Germans if the suffragettes do not stray over the line and give an exhibition of their warlike character.

Still, it is possible, that some of the football news will be found on the first page next to the column devoted to other casualties, such as are the result of the "greatest war the world has ever seen."

It is no joke to predict that this centralization of government will go to such lengths that a citizen cannot whitewash his back fence without getting permission from a state commission.

The volatile Frenchman, as he has been called in the past, isn't showing any frivolity at present, but is fighting with as much coolness and vigor as are any other of the soldiers in Europe.

President Wilson deprecates the fact that some of the foreign-born residents of the United States are not observing this country's neutrality. Some of them are sure talking too much with their mouths.

Our German-American friends have little to say relative to the destruction of the Reims cathedral a war act which will cause history to set down the general who ordered the bombardment of Reims as a heathen.

Among the Americans who were arrested in Germany as spies are two Germans, who went abroad to attend a home congress. Even a clergyman would be excusable for saying things under such circumstances.

Compare the war news printed in the Progress today with that found

in other papers tomorrow, and you will see the advantage of reading a newspaper that receives special telegrams from all parts of the world.

Having spent four years reading, studying and trying to solve the mystery, a hunter ought to be either a child labor act, and a local option act. There is no mistaking their stand on these issues, nor can there be any doubt that if elected they will look after the interests of the citizens of Clearfield county.

Berlin authorities are said to have sneered at the reports that the kaiser would agree to peace. But why should not the kaiser be willing to put an end to the slaughter of the young manhood of Germany? Does he own the souls and bodies of his subjects?

PEACE TALK IDLE

While peace may come in an instant because of the great slaughter that is going on in France, there is no one foolish enough to expect that either of the warring nations will voluntarily be the first to agree to peace. The nations are war-mad. Their rulers and military authorities are determined to carry on the conflict until nature calls a halt or until one side or the other wins. It has been predicted that this will be a long war, and the prediction is pretty certain to be verified.

The siege of cities in France has resulted in the destruction of buildings of inestimable value and works of art and science which cannot be replaced. In Reims one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world has been demolished by German shells, the French accusing the kaiser's troops with deliberately firing upon the cathedral, although it was for the time being used as a Red Cross hospital. This act of vandalism has further increased the hatred of Germany burning in the hearts of the Frenchmen.

The president of the United States has urged the people to observe neutrality in the war. The American people are neutral, or at least as neutral as it is possible for a civilized people to be neutral under the circumstances, but there is an evident desire on the part of former subjects of Emperor William to mislead the American people as to the facts coming to light in the war zone. These German-Americans would have the Americans extend their sympathy to the kaiser, the cause of the war and the horrors which has followed. There should be some means taken to suppress un-American discussions among those German-Americans who still seem to think they owe allegiance to Emperor William.

THE LOCAL TICKET.

Voters who wish to have men of integrity, men who earnestly favor good government, and men who will serve the people faithfully in the legislative halls should not permit the larger proposition to wipe the disgrace of Penroseism off the map of Pennsylvania cause them to forget that they have an opportunity to elect good men to congress, the state senate and the state house of representatives in the candidates of the Washington party. All of these candidates represent the same policies and principles that are being advocated by the candidates for the higher offices.

Guy B. Mayo, Washington candidate for congress in this district, is first and last a champion of the people. He has ability and is governed in his desire to become a member of the lower house of congress by those high ideals which will make him a worthy follower of Roosevelt and other leaders of the party of the people. Mr. Mayo is not a resident of the county, but he is interested in the welfare of the people of Clearfield as fully as in the people of McKean county. His election would give this district a capable, energetic representative in congress.

A. S. Moulthrop, who aspires to the state senate, made a record as a member of the lower house of representatives of Pennsylvania which entitles him to the suffrage of every voter who believes in rewarding those who work in behalf of the people. He gave the people of the county his best service as representative and was always found on the side of those assemblymen who could not be beguiled or bought by the Peopse machine into voting for special privilege as against the people's interests. If elected to the state senate, Mr. Moulthrop will continue his fight against the gangsters and bring honor to the district.

Earl G. Boone, A. G. Woodward and Edward Lippert, the Washington can-

didates for assembly, are all well known to the voters of the county. They are men of ability and are imbued with the desire to sit in the halls of legislation that they may act in accordance with the will of the people of the county. They stand pledged to vote for the measures which the people wish to have enacted into law—a workman's compensation act, a child labor act, and a local option act. There is no mistaking their stand on these issues, nor can there be any doubt that if elected they will look after the interests of the citizens of Clearfield county.

SIX SMALL SMILES

Too Many.

The New Haven has 10,000 women stockholders.

Seems to me that's an awful lot of switches for one road.—Buffalo Express.

Big Money.

Artist—I've spent a dollar carfare toting that sketch around town, yet you only offer me two dollars.

Art Editor—Well, that's a hundred per cent on your money, isn't it?—Life.

Settled Income.

"Dear Charles, said Mrs. Fleming, used to send me alimony every month without a murmur.

Yes, replied Miss Cayenne, he says it's a great comfort to turn over a bunch of money to you without an argument because it isn't more.—Washington Star.

No Lover of Music.

Is that your daughter singing? asked Dugan, the plumber.

It is, replied Mr. Dolan. The teacher says her register is something wonderful.

Register, is it! It sounds more like a safety valve.—Washington Star.

He Couldn't See It.

They say it takes more than a million years for the light from that star to reach the earth.

Oh, piffle! Why it hasn't been dark more'n half an hour.—New York Evening Post.

The Impossible.

First Student (in burst of admiration)—Professor Gabby is a wonder as a linguist. What tongue hasn't he mastered?

Associate Professor (dryly)—His wife's.—Baltimore American.

ENGLAND COULD NOT WITHOUT
DISHONOR, EVADE WAR
SAVES BRIDGES.

Robert Bridges, England's poet laureate, who joins with the leading English authors in a declaration against Germany. Bridges was one of the leading poets in the preparation of this document which declares that honor left England no choice but war.

Committees to Conduct the Pinchot Campaign

Philadelphia, Sept. 21.—Announced on Saturday of the committee to carry on the campaign of Gifford Pinchot for United States senator, the announcement being accompanied by a bitter attack on Representative A. Mitchell Palmer, Democratic candidate, for not withdrawing in Pinchot's favor.

Executive committee.—The Rev. George W. Shelton, Pittsburgh; Dr. H. M. Chaffin, Philadelphia; Herbert Parsons, New York city; George W. Wagners, Middleburg; the Rev. Dr. James A. Patterson, Frankfort; James G. Glazner, York; E. T. Tompkins, Decora; Dr. John A. Campbell, Williamport; Edwin L. M. Irvine, Ridgway; Romain C. Hassrick, Philadelphia, executive secretary.

Campaign committee.—L. S. McKinley, Butler county; the Rev. Dr. R. E. McClure, Indiana county; W. C. Henderson, Westmoreland county; the Rev. R. P. Daubenspeck, Huntingdon county; William B. Buck, Philadelphia county; Filmore Mansel, Cumberland county; William C. Leamer, Blair county; C. B. Latshaw, Franklin county; Fred Smith, Jefferson county; W. T. Shaffer, Clearfield county; H. J. Bortner, Potter county; Harry M. McCoy, Delaware county; the Rev. J. S. Heister, Northumberland county; C. H. Landefeld, Washington county; J. B. Morrow, Mercer county; Harry N. Cameron, Washington county; the Rev. R. G. Clegg, Washington county; Carl Perry Greene county; David H. Rankin, Westmoreland county; Dr. J. T. Rimer, Clarion county; J. A. Franklin county.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE

The war of car and horse depends upon the point of view.—Roy K. Moulton in Philadelphia Star.

The cutting down of Coal hill to the level of the adjoining streets has given the city another handsome roadway.

Clearfield grown apples are now in such demand at good prices that many farmers are devoting much of their land to the planting of orchards.

Seventeen thousand Angora goats now browse on the hills which formerly gave forth nothing better than bracken and scrub oak.

The train on the Clearfield and Penfield railroad was half an hour late this morning, caused by a car jumping the track when the train was approaching Paradise station.

The annual report of the municipal-owned water works shows a profit for the past year of \$56,000.

The law prohibiting the raising of chickens in the city, passed in 1926, is generally observed, although some few of the residents of the East End continue to keep blooded fowl.

The aviation shed of William Bock was entered last night by some miscreant and one of the machines badly damaged.

The Point of View.

Some years ago my father drove an ancient piebald mare. And when he met a motor car he'd scowl at it and glare. Would he turn out? No not a bit. He'd try to hog the road. When they would ask him to give way he'd yell, I've got a load. His hatred for the gas machines was unrelenting, quite. It was a mania with him, he talked it day and night. He said that any feller who would drive one was a fool. For father was a backward man, who followed the old school.

But things have changed since then a bit, although for years he roared. About the gold-dun devil cars, he's gone and bought a Ford. He beats it round the countryside at thirty miles an hour. And when an old horse heaves in sight he crowds on all his power. He nearly huffs with anger when he wants the right of way. And hollers for the love of Mike, lay over there, you fool. He's got the latest fashionable green goggles and the like. He is the greatest motor head who applies down this place. It's just the same old story, you see, it's nothing new.

JEFFERSON WASHINGTON

OPENS HEADQUARTERS

The Washington party, Jefferson county committee has opened headquarters in Room 8, second floor of the Weber building in Punxsutawney. The executive committee held a meeting at the headquarters last week and outlined the campaign in Jefferson county. Gifford Pinchot, candidate for United States senator, and party will tour the county the last of this month. The Pinchot party will spend one day in the county, visiting fifteen different towns and winding up the tour of the county with an open air meeting at Punxsutawney.

A Pinchot club is being organized and a vigorous campaign for all the candidates will be waged until the election in November. Every district in the county is organized.

A large consignment of campaign literature and lithographs of candidates has been received at the headquarters for distribution. Beginning October 1 the headquarters will be in charge of a clerk and be open during the day and evening.

LAST DAYS

Last day to file nomination papers with the secretary of the commonwealth for state-wide office: Tuesday, September 29.

Last day to file objection to papers filed with the secretary of the commonwealth: Tuesday, Oct. 6.

Last day on which courts may determine justice of objections to papers filed with the secretary of the commonwealth: Saturday, Oct. 17.

Last day on which candidates for state offices can withdraw: Tuesday, Oct. 20.

Last day for naturalization before November election: Monday, Oct. 5.

Last day for filing statement of expenses for November election: Tuesday, Dec. 3.

Last day for county commissioner, to change polling places: Wednesday, Oct. 14.

Garlic for Wasp Stings.

The inhabitants of French Switzerland and Savoy rub a crushed clove of garlic upon a spot that has been stung by a wasp or a bee. According to Professor Mermoid of Lausanne, this makes the swelling go down and takes away the pain.

TAXI?

CALL

Wallace Garage

PRICES RIGHT

H. & C. Phone Third Street

NOTICE!

After September 11, 1914, our business must be on a strictly cash basis. We want to be fair with each and every one. We will do as heretofore and will gladly call for and deliver all goods, but must be paid for either at the office or on delivery.

T. J. NORRIS,

The Clothes Cleaner

THE NAME

DISSEL

On a Carpet Sweeper

Insures Easy, Thorough Sweeping

To use tallow candles for illuminating purposes today would be no more absurd than to use a corn broom for sweeping fine carpets or rugs. Would you use a harsh which broom to brush a delicate fabric of silk or satin? We are confident you wouldn't.

Then why use a harsh corn broom for sweeping a fine carpet or rug? A corn broom is positively destructive to fine carpets or rugs, to say nothing of the fact that it doesn't sweep clean. After you've swept with a broom, the BISSELL will follow and gather an immense quantity of fine dust and grit.

Once you use a BISSELL, you will never be without one, and don't forget its economy, as it will outlast fifty corn brooms.

Price \$1.75 to \$5.50

ROSS & WOODS

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath)

CHAPTER I.

A Call in the Night.

There are few things darker than a road at night, particularly if you do not know the lay of the land. It is not difficult to traverse a path; no matter how dark it is, you are able to find the way by the aid of a mental photograph taken in the daytime. But supposing you have never been over the road in the daytime, that you know nothing whatever of its topography, where it dips or rises, where it narrows or forks. You find yourself in the same unhappy state of mind as a blind man suddenly thrust into a strange house.

One black night, along a certain country road in the heart of New Jersey, when the only good roads were city thoroughfares and country highways were routes to limo carriages went forward cautiously. From time to time it careened like a blunt-nosed barge in a beam sea. The wheels and springs voiced their anguish continually; for it was a good carriage, unaccustomed to such ruts and hummocks.

"Faster, faster!" came a muffled voice from the interior.

"Sir, I dare not drive any faster," replied the coachman. "I can't see the road ahead, sir, let alone the road I'm driving on. The lamps, but I can't see the road any better for that."

"Let the horses have their heads; they'll find the way. It can't be much farther. You'll see lights."

The coachman swore in his teeth. All right. This man who was in such a hurry would probably send them all into the ditch. Save for the few stars above, he might have been driving a sleigh on a frozen lake. Black velvet, everywhere black velvet. A wind was blowing, and yet the blackness was so thick that it gave to the coachman the sensation of being suffocated.

By and by, through the trees, he saw a flicker of light. It might or might not be the destination. He cracked his whip recklessly and the



"Why, You Cheep!" Cried the Old Maid.

carriage lurched on two wheels. The driver, so that the bundle in his arms should not be unduly disturbed, his arms ached. He stuck his head out of the window.

"That's the place," he said. "And when you drive up make as little noise as you can."

"Yes, sir," called down the driver. When the carriage drew up at its destination and the man inside jumped out and hastened toward the gates. He scrutinized the sign on one of the posts. This was the place.

MISS FARLOW'S PRIVATE SCHOOL. The bundle in his arms stirred and he hurried up the path to the door of the house. He set the ancient knocker and stuck several times. He then placed the bundle on the steps and ran back to the waiting carriage, into which he stepped.

"Off with you!"

"That's a good word, sir. Maybe

in Riverdale, was the house of no ordinary rich man. Outside it was simple enough, but within you learned what kind of a man Hargrave was. There were rare tapestries and Sarakus on the floors and tapestries on the walls, and here and there a fine painting. The library itself represented a fortune. Money had been laid out lavishly but never wastefully. It was the home of a scholar, a dreamer, a wide traveler.

In the library stood the master of the house, idly fingering some papers which lay on the study table. His shrugged at some unpleasant thought, settled his overcoat about his shoulders, took up his hat, and walked from the room, frowning slightly. The butler, who also acted in the capacity of valet, always within call when his master was about, stepped swiftly to the hall door and opened it.

"I may be out late, Jones," said Hargrave.

"Yes, sir."

Hargrave stared into his face keenly, as if trying to pierce the grave face to learn what was going on behind it.

"How long have you been with me?"

"Fourteen years, sir."

"Some day I shall need you."

"My life has always been at your disposal, sir, since that night you rescued me."

"Well, I haven't the least doubt that when I ask you will give."

"Without question, sir. It was always so understood."

Hargrave's glance sought the mirror, then the smileless face of his man. He laughed, but the sound conveyed no sense of mirth; then he turned and went down the steps slowly, like a man burdened with some thought which was not altogether to his liking. He had sent an order for his car, but had immediately countermanded it. He would, walk till he grew tired, and down Broadway.

The wonderful illumination might prove diverting. For 18 years nearly; and now it was as natural for him to throw a glance over his shoulder whenever he left the house as it was for him to breathe. The average man would have grown careless during all these years; but Hargrave was not an average man; he was, rather, an extraordinary individual. It was his life in exchange for eternal vigilance, and he knew and accepted the fact.

Half an hour later he got into a taxicab and directed the man to drive downtown as far as Twenty-third street and back to Columbus circle.

The bewildering display of lights, however, in no wise served to lift the sense of oppression that had weighed upon him all day. South of Forty-second street he dismissed the taxicab and stared undecidedly at the brilliant sign of a famous restaurant. He was neither hungry nor thirsty; but there would be strange faces to study and music.

It was an odd whim. He had not entered a Broadway restaurant in all these years. He was unknown. He

belonged to no clubs. Two months was the longest time he had ever remained in New York since the disposal of his old home in Madison avenue and his resignation from his club. This once, then, he would break the law he had written down for himself. Boldly he entered the restaurant.

Some time before Hargrave surrendered to the restless spirit of rebellion, bitterly to repent for it later, there came into this restaurant a man and a woman. They were both evidently well known, for the head waiter was obsequious and hurried them over to the best table he had left and took the order himself.

The man possessed a keen, intelligent face. You might have marked him for a successful lawyer, for there was an earnestness about his expression which precluded a life of idleness. His age might have been anywhere between 40 and 50. The shoulders were broad and the hands which lay clasped upon the table were slim but muscular. Indeed, everything about him suggested hidden strength and vitality. His companion was small, handsome, and animated. Her frequent gestures and mutable eyebrows betrayed her foreign birth. Her

age was a matter of importance to no one but herself.

They were at coffee when she said: "There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you."

The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perigoff, Norton. You're in no hurry, are you?"

"Not now," smiled the reporter.

"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, said in an unusual way. It pleased her.

The reporter sank into a chair. When inactive he was rather a dreamy-eyed sort of chap. He possessed that rare accomplishment of talking upon one subject and thinking upon another at the same time. So while he talked gaily with the young woman on varied themes, his thoughts were busy speculating upon her companion. He was quite certain that the name Braine was assumed, but he was also equally certain that the man carried an extraordinary brain under his thatch of salt and pepper hair. The man had written three or four brilliant monographs on poisons and the uses of radium, and it was through and by these that the reporter had managed to pick up his acquaintance. He lived, well, but inconspicuously.

Suddenly the pupils of Braine's eyes narrowed, the eye became cold. Over the smoke of his cigarette. A man had passed behind him and sat down at the next table. Still gazing into the mirror, Braine saw Norton wave his hand; saw also the open wonder on the reporter's pleasant face.

"Who is your friend, Norton?" Braine asked indifferently, his head still turned.

"Stanley Hargrave. Met him in Hongkong when I was sent over to handle a part of the revolution. War correspondence stuff. First time I ever ran across him on Broadway at night. We've since had some powwows over some rare books. Queer old cock; brave as a lion, but as quiet as a mouse."

"Bookish, eh? My kind. Bring him over." Underneath the table Braine maneuvered to touch the foot of the princess.

"I don't know," said the reporter dubiously. "He might say no, and that would embarrass the whole lot of us. He's a bit of a hermit. I'm surprised to see him here."

"Try," urged the princess. "I like to meet men who are hermits."

"I haven't the least doubt about that," the reporter laughed. "I'll try; but don't blame me if I'm rebuffed."

He left the table with evident reluctance and approached Hargrave. The two shook hands cordially, for the elder man was rather fond of this medley of information known as Jim Norton.

"Sit down, boy; sit down. You're just the kind of a man I've been wanting to talk to tonight."

"Wouldn't you rather talk to a pretty woman?"

"I'm an old man."

"Bah! That's a hypocritical bluff, and you know it. My friends at the next table have asked me to bring you over."

"I do not usually care to meet strangers."

"Make an exception this once," said the reporter, who had seen Braine's eyes change and was curious to know why the appearance of Hargrave in the mirror had brought about that mentally gleam. Here were two unique men; he desired to see them face to face.

"This once. My fault. I ought not to be here; I feel out of place. What a life, though, you reporters lead! To meet kings and presidents and great financiers, socialists and anarchists, the whole scale of life, and to slap these people on the back as if they were everyday friends!"

"Now you're making fun of me. For one king there are always twenty thick brows ready to kick me down the steps; don't forget that."

Hargrave laughed. "Come, then; let us get it over with."

The introductions were made. Norton felt rather chagrined. So far as he could see, the two men were total strangers. Well, it was all in the game. Nine out of ten opportunities for the big story were fake alarms; but he was always willing to risk the labor these nine entailed for the sake of the tenth.

At length Braine glanced at his watch, and the princess nodded. Adieux were said. Inside the taxicab Braine leaned back with a deep, audible sigh.

"What is it?" she asked.

(To be continued.)

IN THE MOVIES

OFFERING AT THE GLOBE ONE OF BEST YET SEEN

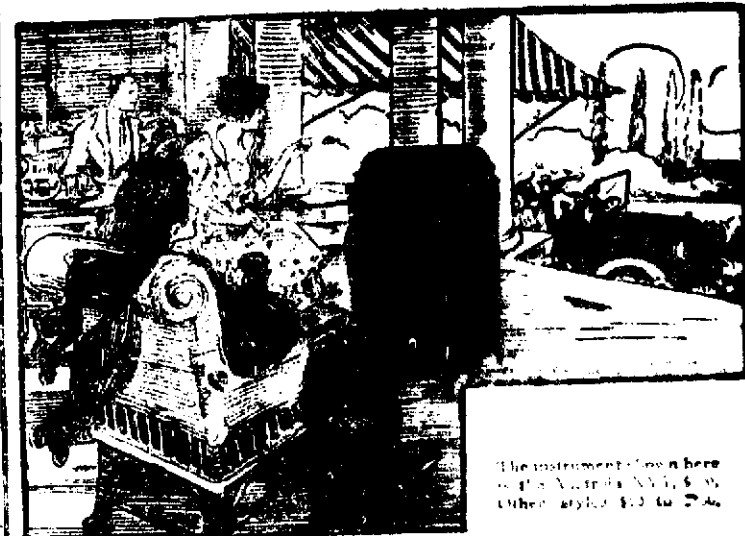
"The Mischief Maker" is a special vitagraph feature at the Globe this evening. Jealous of her successful rival, Annie, finally instigates a quarrel between the husband and wife. Her plot fails and she is scornfully denounced.

"Yarn A-Tangle" is an interesting photoplay at the Globe this evening. Story grows more complicated and tangled as it progresses and the suddenly unangles itself.

"A Jonah," at the Globe this evening. Dennis was unfortunate in his love affair. He was left penniless by the robbers. He was the victim of an explosion. He did not strike it rich in prospecting as his pal did, but he remained his single blessedness and comparative peace of mind as his pal and successful rival did not.

"Seraphina's Love Affair" is an interesting and amusing photoplay at the Globe this evening.

"The Million Dollar Mystery"—the world's greatest serial starts at the Globe tonight.



The music of the Victrola is always enjoyable

After you have been motoring and enjoying the beauties of nature, you can come home and enjoy the beauties of song on the Victrola.

And when a stormy day comes along and you have to stay indoors, you will be doubly glad to have a Victrola.

Stop in and we will play any music you wish to hear. We'll show you the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10 to \$200—and explain our system of easy terms.

W. F. FREDERICK PIANO CO.

E. E. SMITH, MANAGER
CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Very Best Flour That
Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

\$10,000 Will Be Given Away

The Progress has just completed arrangements whereby one of its readers may be lucky enough to win a prize of \$10,000. This offer will be made in detail within the next few days, and is run in conjunction with the great serial Photoplay which starts at the Globe Theatre, Tuesday evening.

"The Million Dollar Mystery"

By Harold McGrath

Is the name of the play, and it will also run serially in the Progress every Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The first two installments, however, will be run throughout this week.

Tell any of your friends who may not be subscribers, so they may start at once.—Watch for first offer.

Are you reading the great war story now running in the Progress, and are your friends and neighbors reading it? If not, you had better have the Progress sent to them

"The Last Shot"

By Frederick Palmer

It is one of the greatest war serial ever written, and should not be missed by anyone. It is written by a former war correspondent and is very interesting during the present European war.

And still another treat for our readers is the great serial photoplay

"The Trey O'Hearts"

Which is shown every Wednesday evening at the Opera House, and appears in the Progress every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. This excellent story is by Louis Joseph Vance and has been called one of the best serials yet.

You can not afford to miss these great features, together with our down-to-the-minute telegraph service, and a good line-up of local and county news which are given you every day in

The Clearfield Progress

GLOBE

7 REELS TODAY

Extra Special Vitagraph Feature
Complete in 2 reels.

"The Mischief Makes"

Jealous of her successful rival, Annie instigates a quarrel between husband and wife. Her plan fails, she is scornfully denounced.

Special Features.

"Yarn A-Tangle"

Featuring Francis X. Bushman

THEATRE

SHOWING THE WORLD'S BEST
Feature Pictures

SEPTEMBER 22

Edison Features
"Seraphina's Love Affair"
A great comedy drama

Biograph Features
"A Jonah"

An unfortunate love affair

"The Great Million Dollar Mystery"

Serial starts with 2 reels.

7 Reels all Features Today

A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

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A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

Fashion Exhibit Extraordinaire

What are the Corset Fashions for Fall?

Fitted waist lines of which the basque is an example, will begin to supersede the unrestricted figure of recent seasons. The front and back silhouette of the body will have straighter lines and the waist at the side begins to show a slight curve. The corsets need a little more boning than in the past, with bust measurements from two to five inches.

"The Fall Styles are most Sensible, Medium Busts, Medium Skirts, with straighter lines at the front and back, and the faint suspicion of a curve at the Waist. THIS IS THE FASHION FOR FALL."

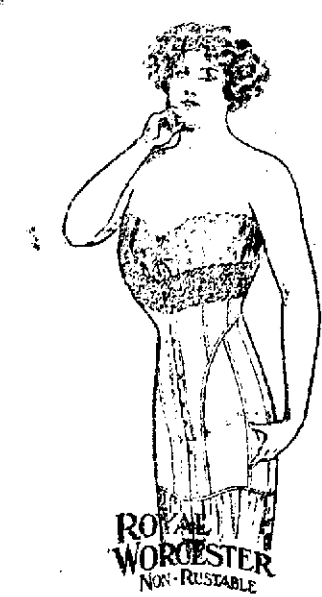
BON TON CORSETS

ON-RUSTABLE

The Royal Worcester and Bon Ton Corsets in the New Fall Models

The following six new models in Royal, Worcester and Bon Ton corsets are selected from among many styles we are prepared to show you. The description is absolutely correct for each model, and the illustration a reproduction of the corset.

You'll find not only the greatest care has entered into the construction of these corsets, but they are made handsome with rich and good materials. The trimmings are exquisite, the boning is what is called newbone, very flexible, but still never becomes out of shape, regardless of its hard usage; even the lacings are of the best grades. Below we illustrate six very handsome models that you will be apt to like.



Model 121
Full figure.
Height of bust 5in.
Length of front below waist 11in.
Height under arm 5in.
Length of hip 15in.
Height of back 5in.
Length of back below waist 15in.

Price \$1.00



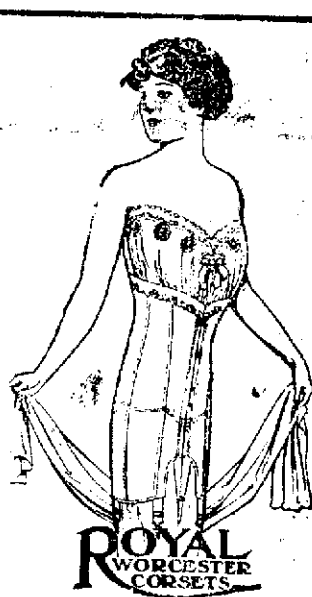
Model 109
Average figure.
Height of bust 5 1/2 in.
Length of front below waist 14in.
Height under arm 5 1/2 in.
Length of hip 14in.
Height of back 5 1/2 in.
Length of back below waist 14in.

Price \$1.00



Model 546
Full figure.
Height of bust 5 1/2 in.
Length of front below waist 11in.
Height under arm 5 1/2 in.
Length of hip 15in.
Height of back 5 1/2 in.
Length of back below waist 15in.
Double front steel.

Price \$1.50



Model 521
Average figure.
Height of bust 2 1/2 in.
Length of front below waist 12 1/2 in.
Height under arm 2 1/2 in.
Length of hips 15in.
Height of back 2 1/2 in.

Price \$1.50



Model 847
Average figure.
Length of front below waist 12in.
Length of hip 15 1/2 in.
Length of back below waist 15in.
8 1/2 inch clasp.
Hip Confiner
Waist band 2" suspender webbing combined with satin ribbon. Practically boneless. Elastic lacing in skirt front. 6 supporters. White coutil. Sizes 19 to 30.

\$3.50



Model 822
Full figure.
Height of bust 4 1/2 in.
Length of front below waist 12 in.
Height under arm 4 1/2 in.
Length of hip 16 in.
Height of back 5 1/2 in.
Length of back below waist 15in.
10 1/2 graduated clasp. Free hip-bone. Elastic patch goes in back. 6 supporters. White coutil. Sizes 22 to 36.

Price \$3.50

See These New Corset Styles

"They Lace In Front"

In conjunction with "The Fourth Semi-Annual Gossard Proclamation of Authoritative Corset Styles," we are placing on exhibition a full line of models of the beautiful new corsets which will set the styles for well-dressed women this season.

Our illustration shows the general lines that the style makers have decided on, but nothing less than a personal inspection will give you a satisfactory idea of their beauty and comfort.

If you are contemplating the purchase of a new frock or suit, you should by all means purchase your corset first. The corset is the foundation of your entire appearance, and no frock, no matter how expensive, will be smart unless your corset has the correct new lines.

FOR EVERY FIGURE: In our complete assortment of the new styles in Gossard Front Lacing Corsets, we have a model for every known type of figure. The prices run from \$2 to \$12.50, depending upon the material used. The lower priced Gossards are correct in style, and will give splendid wearing service. Our experienced corsetiers will be glad to give you their expert advice and a personal fitting at any time.



Model 250. Price \$2.00
A new model at a new price. It has a medium high bust, is straight in outline, lightly boned and long enough to envelop the entire lower figure. Its adaptability is not limited to one type; it will give the desired long straight relaxed lines to the mature figure and also will be popular for young and slender women requiring a long corset not heavily boned. Its equal does not exist at the price. Guaranteed for service and style.

\$2.00



Model 366. Price \$3.50
This corset has perfectly flat hip and back lines combined with large waist and very low bust. The boning is light and flexible, giving to the figure the appearance of perfect freedom and relaxation now demanded by fashion. This model is not recommended for figures having small waist and extremely large hips.

\$3.50



Model 551. Price \$5.00
This corset has been very carefully designed to meet the latest style features combined with an adaptability to the average figure which will guarantee its becoming a very popular model and giving perfect satisfaction to every woman to whom it is fitted. It has very low bust with ample fullness over diaphragm and back, long flat hip and back lines, with three elastic section in skirts.

\$5.00



Model 551. Price \$6.50
This model will prove more adaptable than any other corset at its price. It is very low in the bust and has ample fullness in the back, which is slightly higher than usual with flesh above the waist. The greatest degree of comfort. The back is flat and hips straight, with a slight curve at waist under bust. Elastic sections at middle back and over thigh.

\$6.50



Model 750. Price \$7.50
Women having very full development over diaphragm will find this model exceedingly desirable. The clasps which have been lengthened above the waist support and control this fullness. The top of corset rounds down from the clasps so that this model combines the support of a higher corset with the comfort of a low one. To get the best lines lace this model as closely as proper fitting will permit.

\$7.50



Model 408. Price \$8.50
This model is extremely long and straight in the skirt, with waist proportionately large. In the 10 inch corset the bust is very low. The 11 inch length has bust one inch higher, the skirts of both being the same length. The elastic sections at sides and back are so placed as to hold the lower portion of the corset very clearly and allow sufficient expansion for comfort in walking and when seated. While extreme, this model can be worn by most women.

\$8.50

The Semi-Fitting and Moyen Age styles now in Vogue demand a hook in front brassiere, or one which has a cross-over-in front finish; of these we are showing both the B. & J. and Gossard Brassiere in several of the leading Models. Priced 50c and \$1.00. THE BONED BRASSIERE makes it possible for a Woman to wear a low corset with both the loose and Semi-Fitted gowns, by simply changing the type of the Brassiere worn. The Bones extend from the top to the bottom of the Brassiere, allowing the bust to take a natural position. The bones simply give a sufficient amount of support to produce a smooth effect.

A. W. LEONARDSON COMPANY

PERSONAL

September 22, 1914

M. O. Skinner, of DuBois, was a Clearfield visitor Monday.

G. W. Beer, a farmer of Sandy township, is a juror this week.

P. F. McCalla, of East Pittsburgh, was in Clearfield yesterday.

John Tate, of St. Marys, was business visitor in town Monday.

Robert Altmeyer, of DuBois, had business in town yesterday.

John Burdette, of DuBois, spent yesterday in Clearfield.

Frank Teet, of DuBois, spent yesterday with Clearfield friends.

Mrs. S. T. Wilson, of Clearfield, was a Clearfield shopper today.

A. P. Fry, of Burnside, a successful farmer, is a juror this week.

Harry Saulton, of Philadelphia, was a business visitor in Clearfield Monday.

James Beach, a DuBois township carpenter, is serving as a juror this week.

S. G. Shoff, the Becraft farmer, is helping the court with civil cases this week.

Harry Cragg, of Morristown, attended to business affairs in Clearfield today.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Ross and son, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cole.

John A. McClelland, of DuBois, was a business visitor in Clearfield yesterday.

Joseph Holloper, a Union township farmer, is serving on the jury this week.

James Walsh of Harrisburg spent yesterday in town looking after business matters.

John Sterling, of Lumber City, attended to business affairs in Clearfield Monday.

Boyd Crisman, the Clearfield blacksmith is attending court as a juror this week.

Misses Eva Gifford, Hannah Hughes and Gusie Craft spent Sunday at Schryver's farm.

George Scott, of Phillipsburg, was a member of the arbitration board which met here yesterday.

Richard Morris and Arthur White motored to Clearfield to attend to business matters yesterday.

C. E. Morgan, general manager of the Allegheny Mining Co., was a Clearfield visitor yesterday.

Earle Hersey, who has been visiting friends in Clearfield, returned to his home in Lancaster today.

Mrs. L. B. Norris, of Clearfield, spent the day at the home of her son C. B. Norris, on Second street.

Harry Evans, of Cooper township, is in Clearfield having been drawn as a juror for this week's court.

Miss Margaret Butler and brother Francis are visiting at the home of their grandparents, in Cherry Tree.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Reese have returned from Hopkinton, Iowa, where they spent the past month with relatives.

Mrs. William Heman, of Milton is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Noris, on Second street.

Miss Blanche Van Tassel and Helen Harris, of DuBois visited with the Misses Cole, on West Front street, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Blakely, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Blakely and Austin, Jr., and Irvin, Jr., made a short visit at the home of A. L. Cole.

Ben Clark, president of the operators association, of Piquette, attended the arbitration meeting in the U. M. W. of A. office yesterday.

Clarence Austin, Frederick Wright and Paul Watson went to Pittsburgh on Monday and will attend the University of Pittsburgh, which opens on Monday.

William D. Reed, of West Market street, left on Monday for Pittsburgh where he will enter the University of Pittsburgh, taking up a special student course.

Charles S. Strong and son drove down from Anasewille this morning, and spent the day in town. Mr. Strong is a justice of the peace of Jordan township and makes a very efficient official.

C. F. Saupp, of Houtdale, is a juror and gave this office a pleasant call today. Mr. Saupp is a wagon maker and says Houtdale is a much better town today than it was twenty-five years ago.

Millinery Opening.
First showing of Fall Hats, Thursday evening, September 24, from 7 to 10 P. M. A full line of styles and colors in shapes and trimmings at reasonable prices. Pretty hat frames 50 cents up. A cordial invitation is extended to everybody.

MRS. M. E. MEASE,
223 Reed St., Clearfield, Pa.
9 22 St.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF



REMAINS LEFT IN WAKE OF THE GERMAN ARMY

This photograph shows the ruins of a street in the Belgian city of Ypres after the city had been bombed and fired by German aviators.

The Trey O'Hearts

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Black Sea," "The Lone Wolf," etc.

This accomplished, the men turned attention to Rose, leaping her in a moment's time at Barcus' side.

"The tide will be high," she said, "precisely at sunset. You may time your lives by that. When the sun dips into the sea, then will your lives go down with it."

She turned on her heel and strode swiftly away, with not so much as a backward glance, overtook her men, and passed quickly from sight around the fashed point of rocks.

For some time Barcus struggled faintly with his bonds. As for Rose, she wasted no strength in struggling—perhaps had none to waste. When he looked her way he saw her exquisite profile unmarred by any line of fear or doubt, sharply relieved against the darkness of the rising flood. Her level gaze without a tremor traversed the rising flood to its far horizon.

He noted that already the waters had risen more than an inch. Humbled even in his terror by that radiant calm that dwelt upon her, he captured diffidently: "Rose—Miss Rose—"

She turned her head and found the heart to smile. "Rose," she corrected gently.

"I'm sorry," he said—which was not at all what he had meant to say. "I've done my best. I suppose it's wrong to give up—but they've made it too much for me this time."

"You know," she said gently. "You"—he stammered—"you're not afraid?"

"There is nothing to fear," she said, "death."

"Then," he said more bravely, after a time—the water now was near his chin—"good-by—good luck!"

"Not yet, dear friend," she returned, "not yet."

But the sun was perilously close upon the rim of the world. But a little more, and it would be night.

He closed his eyes to shut out the vision of its slow, implacable descent. The water was now almost level with his lips; it seemed strange that

his throat could be so dry, so parched.

He opened his eyes, shuddering. "It's good-by now," he faltered.

"Not yet!" her voice rang beside him, vibrant. "Look—up there—along the cliff!"

Judith's, and stuck to the trail like a blood-hound fresh from the leash.

And now the water was at his lips; Barcus could no more speak without strangling.

Of a sudden he groaned in his heart, though there was no painable way down the cliff, still the sight of his friend alive and unhurt had brought with it a thrill of hope, now that hope died as he saw Alan stumble and go to his knees.

Before he could rise the other was upon him, with the fury of a wolf seeking the throat of a stag.

For an instant they fought like madmen; then, in a trice, the sky line of the cliff was empty; one or the other had tripped and fallen over the brink, and falling had retained hold of his enemy and carried him down as well.

By no chance, Barcus told himself, could either escape uninjured.

Yet, to his amazement, he saw one man break from the other's embrace and rise. And he who lay still, a crumpled, inhuman heap upon the sands, was Judith's man.

With a violent effort, Barcus lifted his mouth above water and shrieked: "Alan! Alan! Help! Here—up the end of the point—in the water—help!"

A precious minute was lost before Alan discovered their two heads, so barely above that swiftly rising flood.

Then he ran toward them as he had never run before, and as he came whipped out a jack-knife and freed its blade.

Even so—since it was, of course, Rose whom Alan freed the first—Barcus was half-drowned before Alan heaved him in turn up to the beach.

And as this happened the last blood red rim of the sun was washed under by the waves.

Two minutes later the lifeboat was afloat, and Mr. Barcus, already recovered, was laboring with the flywheel of the motor, stimulated to supreme exertion by the sight of a party, led by Judith, racing madly down the beach.

But it was not until well out from shore and on the way to the safety promised by the mainland—now readily discernible on the horizon—that any one of them found time for speech.

Then Mr. Barcus straightened up from his assiduous attentions to the motor, and observed:

"You bear a charmed life, my adventurous friend. I want to tell you that when I saw you go over that cliff I made up my mind your usefulness would be at least permanently impaired. As it is, I don't mind telling you that if ever I set out on this affair alive, I'm going to have a try at your life myself, just once, for luck!"

CHAPTER XVIII.
Stranded.

Mr. Thomas Barcus picked himself up from the bottom of the lifeboat, where he had been violently precipitated by the impact of grounding, blinking and wiped tears of pain from his eyes, solicitously fended his nose and seemed to derive little if any comfort from the discovery that it was not broken, opened his mouth, and remembered the presence of a lady.

"Poor Mr. Barcus!" she said gently. "I'm so sorry. Do forget I'm here—and say it out loud!"

grass wrapped round the wheel. Which, I suppose, means I've got to go overboard and clear it away."

Like Mr. Law, he wore neither shoes nor other garments that could be more damaged by salt water than they had been—but only shirt, trousers and a belt.

"If you've nothing better to do, my critical friend," he observed as he stopped to back and lean at the mass of weed embarrassing the propeller, "you might step out and give us a trial shove. Don't strain yourself—just see if you can move her."

The boat budged not an inch—but Mr. Law's feet did, slipping on the treacherous mud bottom with the upshot of his downfall, with a mighty splash he disappeared momentarily beneath the surface—and left his temper behind him when he emerged.

As for Mr. Barcus, he suffered like loss within five minutes; when, with much pains and patience having freed the wheel, he climbed aboard and sought to restart the motor. After a few affecting coughs it relapsed into stubborn silence.

Stolid examination at length brought out the fact that the gasoline tank was empty.

"Not so much as a smell left," Barcus reported.



Dug Into His Money Belt.

"It's no use," he conceded at length. "We're here for keeps."

"Why not wade ashore?" Rose Trine suggested mildly from the place she had taken in the stern in order to lighten the bows. "It isn't far—and what's one more wading?"

"That's the only sensible remark that's been uttered by any party to this lunatic enterprise since you have within earshot of me, Mr. Law," said Mr. Barcus. "Respectfully submitted."

"The verdict of the lower court stands approved," Alan responded gravely.

"But there's no sense in Miss Trine wading," Barcus suggested. "We're web-footed as it is, and she's too tired."

"Well, what then?"

"We can carry her, can't we?"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Geet!" he grunted frankly, when after a toilsome progress from the boat, Rose at length slipped from the seat formed by the clasped hands of the two men. "And it was me who suggested this!"

The Clearfield Progress

Pure Food Directory

EVERY ARTICLE ADVERTISED IN THIS DEPARTMENT IS GUARANTEED PURE

HIGH TIME to DRINK Pure Coffee

A selected blend of CHOICE COFFEES in moisture and just proof packages.

Try our
Old Master 40c lb.
Avon Club 38c lb.
San Marto 35c lb.
Koban 30c lb.
ROSS & WOODS
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

PURE WHOLESOME CANDY

Bon Bons and Chocolates

Made from the purest

The Sugar Bowl

The Home of Pure, Wholesome Home Made Candy

HEALTH INSURANCE

Clean Milk

Ideal for the Baby and Table

12

PURE MILK

ICE CREAM

for HOME USE

Made with pure ingredients and protected against dust and dirt. Absolutely pure. Just the dish for a tasty dessert.

Also try our Delicious Sodas and Sundaes made with this Ice Cream

ANNA M. CUNEO
Market and Third Sts.

Try our
Old Master 40c lb.
Avon Club 38c lb.
San Marto 35c lb.
Koban 30c lb.
ROSS & WOODS
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

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Also try our Delicious Sodas and Sundaes made with this Ice Cream

ANNA M. CUNEO
Market and Third Sts.

BUTTER PURE AS the LILY

Made from the purest milk and packed in dust proof tubs and wrappers

The only store in Clearfield selling the pure Bradford Creamery Butter.

G.N. Ellenberger, Fancy Groceries

PURE LARD

This Space for Sale to some Live Business Man

PURE FLOUR

This Space For Sale

Fresh Every Morning

Pure, Clean Meats Government Inspected

At Jordan's Restaurant

THE SEAL OF PURITY IS ON OUR BREAD

SPACKMAN'S BAKERY

West Side Clearfield

U.S. Government Inspected

This Space For Sale

Good and Pure Like Mother used to Make

This Space For Sale

SAFETY

This Space for Sale to Any Live Milk Dealer

PATRONIZE THE STORE THAT PROTECTS YOU AGAINST IMPURE FOOD

PURE FOOD

INSIST ON RECEIVING THE ARTICLE ADVERTISED—ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE—IF YOUR GROCER HAS NOT GOT IT, MAKE HIM GET IT FOR YOU.

PURE FOOD

"She's all right," he reported, releasing the wrist whose pulse he had been timing. "She fainted, right enough, but now she's just asleep—and needs it. God knows! It would be kinder to let her rest, at least until I see what sort of a reception that lighthouse is inclined to offer us."

"You'll go, then?" Barcus inquired.

"I'd just as lief, myself."

"No; let me," Alan insisted. "It's not far—more than a quarter of a mile. And she'll be safe enough here, in your care, the little time I'm gone."

Barcus nodded. His face was drawn and gray in the moon-glare. "Thank God!" he breathed brokenly, "you're able. I'm not."

He sat down suddenly and rested his head on his knees. "Don't be longer than you can help," he muttered thickly.

He had come to the headland of the lighthouse itself before the ground began to shelve more gently to the beach; and was on the point of addressing himself to the dark and silent cottage of the lightkeeper when he paused, struck by sight of what till then had been hidden from him.

The promontory, he found, formed the eastern extremity of a wide-armed shallow harbor where rode at moorings a considerable number of small craft—pleasure vessels assorted about equally with fishing boats. And barely an eighth of a mile on, long-legged wharves stood knee-deep in the water, like tentacles flung out from the sleepy little fishing village that dotted the rising ground—a community of perhaps two hundred dwellings.

Nor was this all—ever as Alan here in view of the village he heard a series

of staccato shouts, the harsh tolling of a brazen bell, the rumble of a train pulling out from a station. And then he saw its jewel-string of lights flash athwart the landscape and vanish as its noise died away dimly.

Where one train ran another must. He need only now secure something to revive Rose, help her somehow up the beach, and in another hour or two, of a certainty, they would be speeding northwards, up the cape, toward Boston and the land of law and order.

Such thoughts as these, at least, made up the texture of his hopes; the outcome proved them somewhat too presumptuous. He jogged down a quiet village street and into the railroad station just as the agent was closing up for the night.

A surly citizen, this agent, ill-pleased to have his plans disordered by chance-strangers. He greeted Alan's breathless query with a grunt of ingrained churlishness.

"Nah," he averred, "they ain't no more trains till mornin'. Can't y' see I'm shuttin' up?"

"But surely there must be a telegraph station—"

"You bet your life there is—right here in this depot. An' I'm shuttin' it up, too."

"Has the operator gone for the night?"

"He's going. I'm the operator. No business transacted after office hours. Call round at eight o'clock tomorrow mornin'. Now if you'll jest step out of that door, I'll say a'dight to you."

"But I must send a telegram," Alan protested. "I tell you, I must. It's a matter of life and death."

(To be Continued.)

TURN HAIR DARK WITH SAGE TEA

If Mixed with Sulphur it Darkens so Naturally Nobody can Tell.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grand-mother's treatment, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the musky mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" for about 50 cents a bottle. It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb of a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, he slide, beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications. It also produces that soft lustre and appearance which is so attractive; besides, prevents dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair.

"But I must send a telegram," Alan protested. "I tell you, I must. It's a matter of life and death."

(To be Continued.)

JACOBSON'S

Furniture, Rugs, Stoves and Household Goods

—AT—

POPULAR PRICES

—AT—

JACOBSON'S
212 REED STREET

Autos For Hire!

For any Occasion

2 Cars. Prices Reasonable

Lawrence C. Barret
Dimeling Hotel or
434 Spruce St.

CURWENSVILLE

Edited by G. F. Kittleberger, Jr.

Football Game.

The High School football team will play the All-Curwensville team Wednesday afternoon at 1:15. The High school team averages 140 pounds to the man against their opponents' 162 pounds. The All-Curwensville backfield is composed of Watt, L. E., Anderson, F. B., Clark, Q. B., and Irwin, L. H. Mullen, R. E., will do the drop-kicking.

A. N. Miller left today for a trip to Punxsutawney.

Miss Clara Marshall spent the day in Curwensville.

CORRESPONDENCE

R. F. D. No. 2.

John Taylor is still making hay. He has just cut the second crop from one of his fields, and while the quality is not the best, the yield is not so large as the first crop was. It is a little dry and clover mixed.

Three men are cradling buckwheat today for Ed. Merrifield and it reminds us of "Yankee Doodle" in our highest days we have seen 20 or more men with cradles following each other through the wheat field of Frederick and Jefferson counties, Va. They were usually led by a big colored man and the followers were made up of colored men and "four white trash" who would come down from the mountains and this in harvest time, attracted by the five wages of \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day plus "a little" for the only time when white and colored men would work together.

Orvis Ogden is excavating for a new house near East Greene.

Chas. Carney has several liters of fine pigs, also some fine large hogs.

John Zimstein has just returned from a trip to the west, during which he visited Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison, Detroit and many other points. John says the west is all right, but Pennsylvania for him.

The Mt. Zion school will hold a pie social on Friday evening, Sept. 25, the proceeds to be used to buy blinds and curtains for the schoolhouse. Come out and help this worthy cause and see what the girls can do in the pie line.

ADDITIONAL PERSONALS

Mrs. Lynn Dorr is visiting at Kiskiminetas.

Mrs. I. M. McKee has returned from a visit to friends at Big Run.

Miss Pearl Yeckley has returned from a visit to friends in DuBois.

E. C. Davis, of Ramey, spent yesterday with relatives in Clearfield.

Lee Edwards, of Osceola, was a business visitor in Clearfield today.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Thomas, of Rimersburg, were Clearfield visitors today.

Robert Alexander, of Philipsburg, was a business visitor in Clearfield yesterday.

Arthur Parker, of Philipsburg, spent the first of the week with friends in this place.

William Hines, editor of the DuBois Journal, spent the morning in Clearfield.

Dr. Stanley Barrett and wife, of Wrentham, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Barrett.

Charles Strong, of Ansonville, spent the day in Clearfield attending to business affairs.

Mrs. Lillian Taylor, of Ridgway, is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. H. Halford, this week.

James and William Bates of Philipsburg, were Clearfield visitors Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Margaretta Boag, of Boardman, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Clyde Staver, yesterday.

Miss Charlotte Smith left on the 1:15 train today for Philadelphia to teach in the Holman school on Walnut street.

William Kraus, formerly manager of the Regal 5 and 10 cent store here, now of Philipsburg, was a Clearfield visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kirkman, of Clymer, motored to Clearfield and spent the week-end at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. W. E. Phillips, of Fourth street.

Miss Ruth McMurray of Ramey, is visiting at the home of John Forsyth.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Heinen, of Milton and Mrs. L. C. Norris spent Tuesday visiting relatives in Curwensville.

H. P. Dowler, of Hildwood, is visiting in town.

Tom Fern, of Jordan, was a business visitor at the court house today.

Misses Nancy and Julia Miller leave Thursday for Baltimore, where Miss Julia will enter the Peabody Musical conservatory as a student. From there Miss Nancy will go to New York and spend two months with a friend.

Singletons Bell and daughters, Gertrude and Julia, and Misses Agnes Weaver and Helen Marrie, of DuBois, left today for Pittsburgh to attend



CROWN PRINCE OF ENGLAND LEADS HIS TROOP TO THE WAR. The prince of Wales, the future king of England, is here seen leading the Coldstream guards to the front.

Miss Emily Potter's wedding at which Julia Bell, Agnes Weaver and Helen Marrie will be bridesmaids.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Wrigley, son William and daughter Margaret will leave upon a motor trip to Philadelphia tomorrow, where Margaret will enter the Ogontz school.

H. F. Dowlers are moving into their new home on West Market street this week.

EX HITS \$100 CHECK PAID TO FOLKEMEN

There is being exhibited in Jeweler W. W. Howe's store window a check for \$100 which the Jewelers' Security alliance is paying to Chief McHenry and Officer Eadie for the arrest and conviction of Harry Elzweiler, who pried off the hinges fastening a permanent show case to the building and opening the case stole about \$30 worth of eyeglasses, spectacles and automobile goggles on August 4.

Elzweiler, having a local reputation and having served two terms in the reformatory, was suspected and forced to go to the brick yard where he had hidden the glasses and return them. The same night he had broken into other places and committed petty thefts. He was given a term of 2 to 3 years in the western penitentiary.

The Jewelers' Security alliance has a large membership, each member displaying a card offering a reward of \$100 for the arrest and conviction of any one committing burglary on the premises and the alliance always makes good its promises in reward, and has a record for placing many thieves in the penitentiary.

NELLIE McHENRY BACK AMONG HER FRIENDS

The part of "Cuddles," the eccentric maid in "A Pair of Sixes," which is playing at the opera house this evening, is taken by the clever actress, Nellie McHenry, who has for years been a star and will be remembered as having toured this part of the country before in Salesbury's "Troubadours." Miss McHenry played leading parts in "Green Room Fun," "The Brook" and "A Night at the Circus." The last six years she has been playing in Bret Hart's "Mills."

Mr. Frazee, the manager of "A Pair of Sixes" company, after some difficulty secured Nellie McHenry to play this part in "A Pair of Sixes," which she says equals "Three of a Kind."

The company played in Johnstown last evening, where Miss McHenry was royally entertained by the Elks on Sunday.

Benefit Supper. Chicken and waffles, coffee, ice cream and cake. Price 25 cents at Masonic hall, on Reed street, Thursday evening, Sept. 24, for the Benefit of Allen A. M. E. church.

The pastor Rev. A. Q. Norton, leaves Oct. 6 to attend conference. We desire to bid him on his support supper from 5 to 8 o'clock. We are prepared to eat at one sitting fifty and more.

Committee—The Official: Board Mrs. Rose Williams, president.

FALL MILLINERY OPENING WAS DELIGHTFUL SUCCESS

Miss S. L. Hahn's fall millinery opening held last evening was a delightful success. The store rooms on Market street were prettily decorated and the hats displayed were of the latest style. The many Clearfield women who attended the opening were highly pleased with the display of tasteful headgear.

Evangelical Appointment. At the annual conference of the Evangelical church of the Pittsburgh district, F. W. Berlin was appointed to the DuBois charge.

OBITUARY

SMILES.

Thomas Smiles, a well known and respected resident of Houtzdale, died Friday of last week, aged 62 years. He was a native of England, but had lived in Houtzdale since 1869. He was a charter member of the Odd Fellows Lodge of Osceola. Two sisters and two brothers survive, viz. Mrs. Joseph Pickering, of Clearfield, formerly of Philadelphia; Mrs. John Wilson, of Bradford; and John and Jacob Smiles, of Houtzdale. He was buried Sunday morning at Houtzdale.

THOMPSON

Mrs. Helen Thompson died at Franklin Sunday, Sept. 6, aged 76 years. She was born in Franklin and was married in 1859 to William A. Thompson, a native of Clearfield county, who went to Franklin in 1863. Her husband was killed in a torpedo explosion near Franklin in 1872, being one of the first oil well drillers to meet such a death. The funeral of Mrs. Thompson was held on Thursday, Sept. 10.

Hebrew New Year.

Sunset yesterday ushered in the observance of the feast of Rosh Hashanah, the Hebrew New Year, which the Orthodox and Reformed synagogues. The holiday will end tonight.

Priceless Decorations Ruined.

(By International News Service.) London, Sept. 22.—The Telegraph's correspondent wires that the Reims cathedral was not destroyed, though the priceless decorations were ruined.

British Aid Japanese.

(By International News Service.) Tokyo, Sept. 22.—The British have agreed to cooperate with the Japanese against Tsing-Tao.

Burgess Callahan Improved. Burgess Callahan who has been confined to his bed with rheumatism, is much better today and was able to be up part of the day.

Evangelists Leave.

Rev. Fulton and Rev. Houston, who have been conducting the evangelistic meetings in Curwensville the last two weeks, left today.

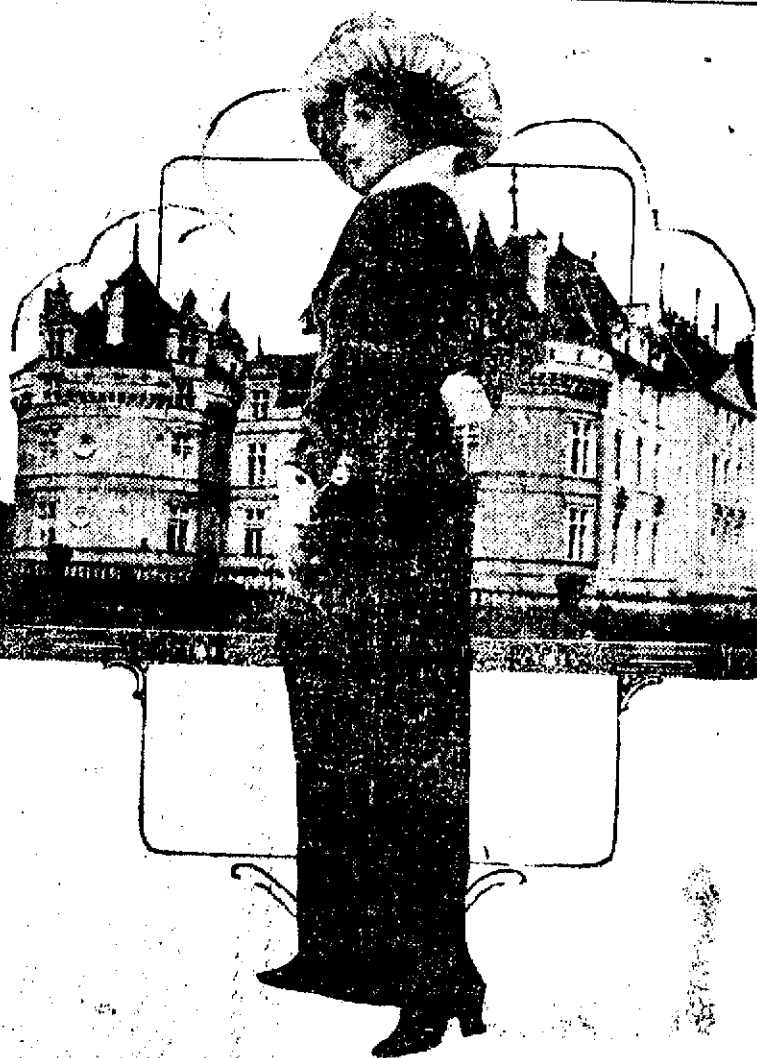
Lawmaker's Centenary.

Benjamin Goodhue, one of the early senators from Massachusetts and the author of many of the revenue laws that still remain on the statute books of the United States, died 100 years ago at his home in Salem, Mass. Mr. Goodhue was a native of Salem, and a graduate of Harvard college. After leaving college he embarked in foreign trade and soon was numbered among the great ship owners and merchants for which Salem at that time was famous the world over. He represented Salem in the First, Second and Third congresses, and, in collaboration with Congressman Fitzsimons of Philadelphia, drew up a code of revenue laws for the new republic. Mr. Goodhue served in the United States senate from 1796 to 1800, when he resigned on account of failing health.

Siansconset Wireless President Belligerent

(By International News Service.) Washington, Sept. 22.—The Marconi wireless company will be given until tonight to accede to the government's demands in connection with the Radio station at Siansconset, Mass. Failing to recognize the government's consent to the station will be closed. This ultimatum was issued upon long.

The Basque's the Thing



The most prominent feature in all authoritative displays of new styles in gowns is the basque. It is shown in several developments, including models which hang straight from the shoulders to the swell of the hips. But this model is not as graceful as those which follow the outline of the figure. None of them is tight-fitting. They fasten either in front or the back. A gown designed by one of the foremost French couturiers is shown in the picture given here. It is an excellent combination of the new basque and plaited skirt in a one-piece garment. Where the basque and skirt join, a narrow girde of the material of the dress is sewed down and finished with a small bow at the back. Fancy buttons are set on, but in reality the basque is fastened with hooks and eyes.

The front of the garment is cut like the back, in a "V" shape at the neck. This gives opportunity for the introduction of white next to the face. A guimpe with flaring collar made of fine organdie fills in the open space. The basque hangs straight from the bust at the front. The shoulders and body are cut in one and the shoulders are very long. In this, as in other basque models, long sleeves are shown. They taper in toward the waist, and cuffs are worn with them. In the gown pictured the cuffs are of organdie, but stiff linen cuffs are very smart, worn with black satin gowns.

Women will welcome the return of plaited skirts. The plaits are pressed down and the skirts at most are two yards wide. This gives room for a comfortable stride, but preserves the effect of a narrow skirt. A very new basque has been made in which a straight panel is set in down the back. The underarm portions are gathered and joined to the panel with a piping. Piping, in fact, are much in evidence on many of the new gowns.

Dancing Dancing

Thursday Evening, Sept. 24

1914

Don't Fail to See the Great Demonstration of Modern Dances

Dancing From 9 to 12 Music by Wallace and Hoover

War Map Coupon

Latest European War Map

Given Away By The Progress

Every reader presenting four coupons and 10 cents to cover postage expenses.

SEE HERE—To city of Philadelphia, for the Progress, each or more of these coupons, for the latest European War Map. This is the most valuable ever offered. It is a European Official Map (5 colors)—showing the latest statistics and war data—Army, Naval and Aerial strength, positions, Armies, Capitals, Distances between Cities, Railroads, etc. Involved, Previous Disasters, Battles, etc. It is a most valuable map, and is given away by the Progress.

The County National Bank OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and the practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, going to the credit of the bank, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, \$1,000,000.00
Saved from Earnings, \$500,000.00
Present Invested Capital, \$1,500,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed. We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department.

We'll take the best of care of it after you start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit—come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

LOST?

\$696,967,261.00

Before the first guns had thundered forth their message of European strife, America had begun to pay the penalty of fear and uncertainty. In one short week the quotations of 100 leading American securities had shrunk \$696,967,261.00.

But it was not a shrinkage of American making. It was a result of the desire of European security holders to trade their securities for cash. Cash is a handy thing in war times.

War means ordinarily peaceful merchants shooting guns at normally peaceful farm hands; factory operatives busily engaged in sabering machinists; baker boys galloping madly about on horses which ought to be hauling bread.

Business and War have nothing in common. When war starts abroad Business goes elsewhere, and Money is the boon companion of Business.

When Europe sold back to us millions of dollars of securities it was in an effort to obtain money with which to later purchase from us some of the things Europe must have. Europe is an old customer of ours, but she is expecting to buy now more largely than ever before, and her \$300,000,000 income from globe-trotting Americans will probably be missing this coming year.

Meanwhile, Europe has been compelled to shut up her own shop. There are new faces looking at us across our counters and fingering our goods. Europe used to number them among her customers.

Let's straighten up the counters and dust off the shelves. It looks as if business was going to be brisk and we might as well be ready. And if necessary to hire extra help to look after trade, we'd better start looking around for it now.

FRENCH STILL HOLDS GERMANS AT BAY

BIG GUNS FROM PARIS FORTS ARE BEING RUSHED TO FRONT

General von Kluck Striving to Prevent a Disastrous Retreat

GERMANS MAKE ATTACK ALONG THE FRONT

Battle resumed at daybreak this morning. With the allies vigorously pushing their enveloping movement against the German right—Germans again cross the frontier in Lorraine—Berlin hears that the allies show signs of weakening after their desperate fighting—Praise given by Kaiser's War Strategists to the French in the latter's valiant efforts to silence the guns of the German invaders.

(By International News Service.)
Bordeaux, Sept. 22.—War Minister Millerand announces today that the Germans' extreme right wing has given way and the French had completed their line, bringing a steel wall up against the German center, and that the allies are making constant progress.

Result Still Unknown.
General Millerand has renamed the present conflict "The battle of two rivers," because the fighting now extends to the river Oise.

The result, he said, will be unknown for several days, but the allies, undoubtedly will conquer.

Rushing Big Guns to Front.
Paris, Sept. 22.—Heavy guns in the Paris forts have been rushed to the front to reply to the bombardment of the Germans' positions. However, while at the same time the allies continue the pressure against the invaders' right wing.

Battling is Resumed.
Following yesterday's lull an engagement (actually four battles) was resumed vigorously at day break today, with the allies furiously pushing the enveloping movement against the German right.

Trying to Prevent Retreat.
General von Kluck is moving hundreds of guns into position to protect his lines of communication and prevent a retreat which would expose the rear of the troops stationed in the Craonne region.

Germans Take Offensive.
It was officially stated today that "the Germans have taken the offensive along the whole front without appreciable results. On our left wing, on the right bank of the Oise, the Germans have given ground before the French attack. Between the Oise and the Aisne rivers the situation is unchanged."

Long Range Bombardment.
"The enemy has made no serious attacks, but are engaged in long range bombardments at the center, between Reims and Soissons."

"The enemy was repulsed while attempting an offensive movement. On our right, in Lorraine, the enemy has crossed the frontier again with small columns, occupying Dormestice, to the south of Blamont."

"This week we have captured 20 revictualing motors and a number of prisoners."

French Said to be Weakening.
Berlin, Sept. 22.—It is officially stated that "the enemy shows signs of weakening as a result of continued attempts to capture our positions. Contrarywise our troops fighting from well fortified positions, have secured a rest and are taking a strong offensive."

"Great valor was shown by the enemy's troops in charging repeatedly and attempting to silence our artillery but they are always repulsed."

Three British Cruisers Sunk by a Submarine

(By International News Service.)
London, Sept. 22, 2:34 P. M.—The British admiralty announced this afternoon that the British cruisers Cressey, Hogue and Abukir were sunk by a German submarine in the North sea. No particulars of the disaster have been made public.

Y. M. C. A. LYCEUM COURSE STRONGEST EVER SCHEDULED

The Y. M. C. A. Lyceum course for this season will be the strongest that has ever been scheduled for Clearfield. The cost of this course is very small, considering the talent which has been engaged. The Pittsburgh Ladies orchestra will be here Oct. 20 with fifteen pieces. The next number, the eminent actor, Clifton Mayberry, supported by a select company of players, in David Garrick, on Jan. 25. Following will be The Potters, in song and story on Feb. 4. The Chicago Musical club, with six soloists, will be one of the best attractions, coming on Feb. 18. The Sarah Ruth Bates a Company on March 8 will no doubt please all who hear it. Last, but not least of the six numbers, will be Hon. J. Frank Hanly, for four years Governor of Indiana, who will lecture on April 3.

All of these entertainments will be held in the opera house at a cost of \$2 for adult season tickets and \$1 for boys and girls under sixteen years of age. The public will be solicited on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. This class of entertainment should have your support.



AIDS IN PLAN TO HELP COTTON GROWERS

Miss Lucy Burleson, daughter of the postmaster general, who is taking an active part in pushing Miss Genevieve Clark's novel plan for a national cotton bargain sale week.

EVENING OF MUSIC AT ELEVENTH ST. CHURCH

The Epworth chorus of the Eleventh street M. E. church will give an entertainment and social this evening, September 22, at 8 o'clock. An admission fee of 15 cents for adults and 10 cents for children will be charged. A very entertaining program will be rendered, as follows:

Part One.
Orchestra—Miss Mary McKelvey.
Vocal solo—Miss Alma Litz.
Violin solo—Miss Alma Litz.
Male chorus—Popular selections.
Vocal duet—Alma and Dorris Litz.
Cornet solo—Wright Turner.
Vocal duet—Mrs. R. C. Peters, Mrs. Roy Confer.

Part Two.
Selection—By the choir.
Solo—Mrs. Roy Confer.
Selection—Girls chorus.
Musical specialty—Alex Black.
Male chorus—Popular selection.
Solo—Mrs. R. C. Peters.
Instrumental duet—Miss Dorris Litz, Miss Hannah Barton.
Stunt—Harry Evans.

VERDICT FOR DEFENDANT IN MARINO-SPINGOLA CASE

Before Judge Hall Monday afternoon the case of Philip Marino vs. Frank Spingola occupied the time of civil court, the jury retiring at the evening adjournment. This morning the jury reported they had found a verdict for the defendant.

This morning the case of William Krause vs. E. J. Goodyear & Son Co., was taken up and was still on at the noon adjournment.

There being no cases ready for Judge Bell's court it was not in session this morning.

RECKLESS MOTORISTS MEET WITH ACCIDENT MONDAY

Last evening about 5 o'clock an accident occurred at the upper end of Reedsville where the road makes a detour to go around the new street. People who watched the accident saw a car with a man and a woman in it coming at a terrific speed down the road, then there was a whirl of dust and pieces of the machine as the car struck the bank. Neither of the occupants of the car was seriously hurt, although the woman was thrown some distance from it upon the bank. They had made the distance from DuBois in 55 minutes. The car was demolished, parts of wheels and pieces of machinery lying in every direction. The people, who were from DuBois, were brought down town in a buggy and returned to DuBois on the train.

Will Fight Revenue Measure

(SPECIAL TO THE PROGRESS)
Washington, Sept. 22.—By a strict party vote the ways and means committee ordered a favorable report on the emergency revenue bill introduced by Mr. Underwood yesterday.

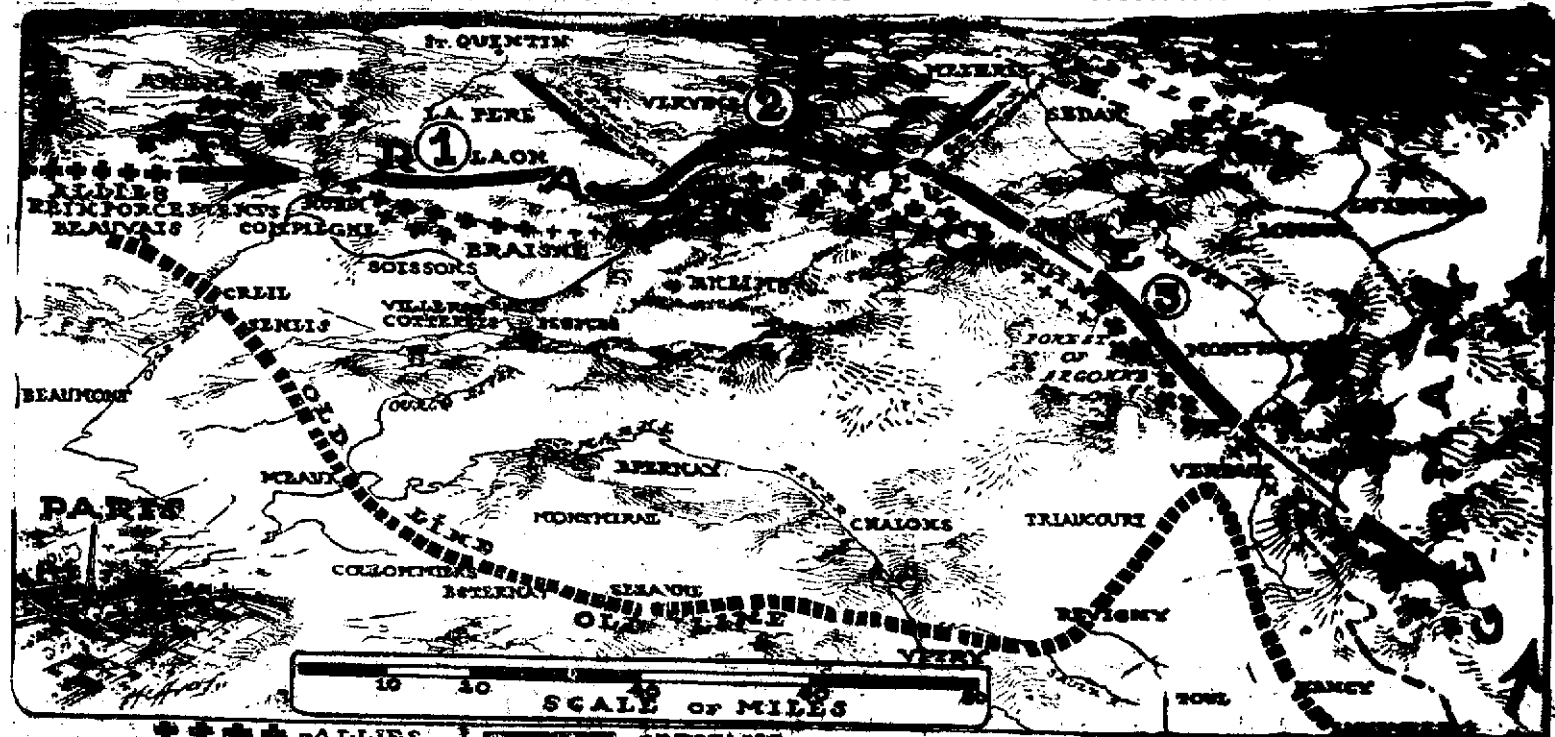
The Republican members of the committee will file a minority report and fight the measure in the house.

ODD FELLOWS ATTEND CORNER STONE LAYING

Clearfield Odd Fellows will be interested in knowing that the cornerstone of another one of the group of buildings which will form the big Masonic home at Elizabethtown, was laid today at noon by Grand Master J. Henry Williams. This is the John Henry Pannar Memorial cottage, a structure which will be one of the handiwork of the group. Hundreds of Masons of the state attended the ceremony.

LILLIAN RUSSELL UNDER THE KNIFE OF SURGEON

(By International News Service.)
Pittsburgh, Sept. 22.—Lillian Russell was operated on for appendicitis at the West Penn hospital today. Her physicians say she is progressing favorably.



TOW LINES OF OPPOSING FORCES ARE DRAWN UP IN HISTORY'S GREATEST BATTLE. No. 1.—Attack on the German right and the allies' turning movement. No. 2.—Assault on the German center reported to be successful. No. 3.—Attack on the Crown Prince's army where a desperate attempt is being made to cut it off from the rest of the German force.

LOUVAIN MECCA FOR IRISHMEN

Its Destruction Brings a Pang to the Heart of Sons of Erin

UNIVERSITY WAS DEMOLISHED

Was the Great School for Irish Students for Centuries—Contained 70,000 Volumes of Priceless Manuscripts, all of Which Are Believed to Have Been Destroyed.

(By International News Service.)

London, Sept. 22.—In spite of the controversy over the exact extent to which the ancient city of Louvain was damaged, the Allies contending that the Germans practiced vandalism and destroyed priceless architectural and art works, while the Germans declare they left the greater portion of the town unharmed, it is certain that the great University there was demolished.

The destruction of Louvain has brought a pang to the hearts of the Irish people, for the University of Louvain was for centuries the great university for Irish students, and especially ecclesiastical students, there being no such institution in Ireland itself. Salamanca in Spain and Coimbra in Portugal were others, and the Irish College in Paris—a much later foundation than the others—also did good work for Irish education; but Louvain was the one most intimately connected with this country.

During the last two centuries or so it has turned out over three hundred Irish priests and nearly thirty Irish Bishops and Archbishops and it was the principal center of the education of the Irish priesthood right through the century of the Penal Laws up to the establishment of Maynooth in 1793 a project which was warmly supported by the British Government, because it was thought that the education of the Irish clergy on the Continent, and especially in France, was inimical to the interests of the State.

Many of the priests educated at Louvain went on the Mission, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to other countries in Europe, but the majority came back to Ireland—at the risk of their lives.

There was another tie between Ireland and Louvain University, the tie of Irish learning. The Times the other day, after the burning stated that the Library of the University contained 70,000 volumes of "priceless manuscripts," and a large number of these were Irish.

Indeed, when the Four Masters proceeded to compile their marvelous and stupendous work, "The Annals of Ireland," on which the history of Ireland is solidly based, O'Clery, the principal of them, was hospitably welcomed there and given every facility to consult their literary treasures.

In due time, an Irish college was established in the University and from time to time was endowed with bursaries by Irish people, especially during the days of the Penal laws, and by the officers and men of the Irish Brigade in France, who had left for that country after the siege of Limerick in 1690.

These bursaries have not, apparently,

Twenty-Three Forts Taken by Russians

Czar's Artillery Still Bombarding Przemyśl and Jaroslav, but Have Failed to Make Breaches in Walls

Austrian Rear Guard Suffers Severely

On Monday the Russians captured Dubiecko, taking hundreds of prisoners, several batteries of artillery and wagon loads of ammunition and supplies—Swamps in Silesia likely to greatly retard the onward march of the Russians—Cutting Off Austrian Reinforcements

(By International News Service.)

Petrograd, Sept. 22.—It was officially announced today that "five of the 23 forts at Jaroslav were shattered by Russian guns, but 18 still held out. The bombardment of Przemyśl continues, but there are no breaches in the walls of the forts."

Advancing on Cracow.
"The main Russian army is steadily advancing on Cracow. War minister Sukhomlinoff points out that the swampy Silesia will slow up the Russian progress to about half speed."

Austrians Have Heavy Losses.
In Galicia the Russians have pursued the rear guard of the Austrians, who suffered important losses. The Russians have come in contact with Przemyśl and heavy Russian artillery is bombarding the works at Jaroslav."

Hundreds of Prisoners.
London, Sept. 22.—Russian cavalry captured the town of Dubiecko, on the River San, yesterday, took hundreds of prisoners, several batteries of artillery and wagonloads of ammunition and supplies."

Dubiecko is 30 miles west of the invested fortress of Przemyśl and it marks the furthest advance of the Russian center against Cracow. Already the Russians hold Silesia north of Jaroslav, and Rezesow, to the west, while their occupation of Sambor, southeast of Przemyśl, assured them the district important to cut off Austrian reinforcements."

Reinforcements for Cracow.
Vienna, Sept. 22.—Heavy reinforcements are being rushed to Cracow."

Will Winter in Florida.
"Harry A. Reed and family have moved their household goods, to Mableton, where the same will be stored for some months. The family will spend a month or six weeks at the Prothero place, near McGee Mills. They expect to spend this winter with Mr. Reed's parents, near Jacksonville, Fla."

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Electrical Wizard Invents New Wonder

Thomas A. Edison in his workshop

Orange, N. J., Sept. 22.—A new triumph for Thomas A. Edison is ready for the market. The electrical genius calls it a "telescribe" and its function is to record on a phonograph both sides of the ordinary telephone conversation.

Contract Almost Complete.
George L. Bener, contractor of Curwensville, spent some time in Clearfield Monday. Mr. Bener is constructing the long stretch of state highway at the east end of Curwensville and will soon have his contract completed, when that borough will have a fine piece of brick paved highway.

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SPORTS PAGE

MORE ABOUT NUMBERING BIG FOOTBALL PLAYERS

(By International News Service)
New York, Sept. 22.—W. G. Penfield, coach of the Princeton Tigers, expresses sentiments in his letter concerning the plan to number football players that surely must strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the legions of football enthusiasts who have been pleading for the universal adoption of the plan.

Penfield says: "It is our plan to number our players this fall. The only objection to numbering the players is that it enables scouts from other teams to follow the work of the individuals better. This in my mind, is rather a childish and unsportsmanlike objection."

"Without doubt, the numbers are a help to the spectators who even though they may be familiar with the players in their suits, have difficulty in distinguishing them."

Penfield is right. The objections raised by the coaches along the lines mentioned by Penfield are childish. If anyone team's players were numbered, it might prove a disadvantage to that team. But if both are numbered, where is the advantage for either side?

Brickley, an Harvard wasn't numbered last year yet every man who played against Harvard knew Brickley and where he played. He didn't need a number on his back to let the enemy know where he was stationed. It was the same with Mahan, the Harvard halfback with Tobey Baker, of Princeton, Craig of Michigan, Des Jardian of Chicago and with every other player on every team in the game.

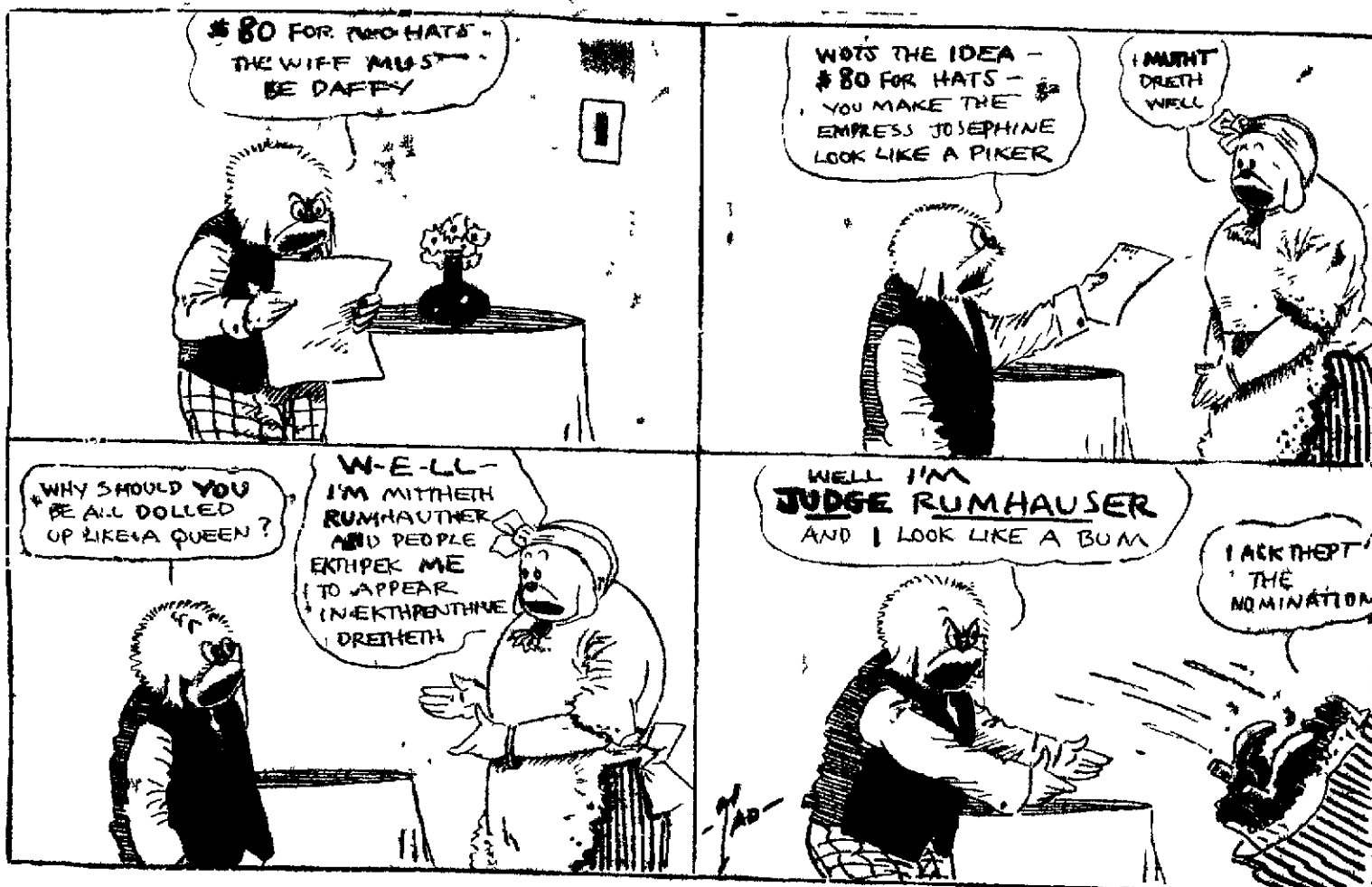
If some coaches think the opposition doesn't know who their star players are or where they play, we wish to inform them that before each game the lineups are announced and these lineups tell where every man plays. When a change is made in the lineup during the game that change is noted on the scoreboard. Never for a moment during the progress of the game is the enemy unaware of just what men are in the game and the position they are playing.

Percy Haughton of Harvard who didn't answer the letter sent to him is an opponent of the numbering rule. Haughton last year took the stand that the students and graduates of the colleges supported the game, and that the colleges weren't catering to the general public. So why number the players?

For the benefit of Haughton and others who reason along the same "public be damned" line, who'd like to state that after a student graduates he becomes a member of the general public. Men who graduated ten, twenty and thirty years ago are not familiar with the players of today. The players are strangers to the old graduates as they are to those who never went to the colleges who are fighting it out on the gridiron.

The coaches should bear in mind, too, that approximately 35 per cent of the attendance at the big college games is made up of women. Most of the big eastern and some of the western colleges are not coeducational. Therefore, the ladies had no chance to become students or old grads of those institutions and thus become acquainted with the players. The ladies would like to know, during the progress of the game just who's who. And they'll never know until the players wear numbers on their backs.

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT



Baseball

National League
Chicago 6, New York 0
Cincinnati 2, Brooklyn 9 (1st)
Cincinnati 2, Brooklyn 8 (2nd)
Pittsburg 5, Boston 6
St. Louis 6, Philadelphia 3

American League
Boston 5, Detroit 3 (called 11th darkness)
Philadelphia 4, Cleveland 5
Washington 6, Chicago 1 (11th)
New York 4, St. Louis 1

Federal League
Kansas City 11, Brooklyn 3
St. Louis 5, Pittsburg 2
Chicago 2, Baltimore 3
Indianapolis 9, Buffalo 1

Accepts Winburne Challenge
Captain Alfred Saint Clair of the Munson baseball team informs us that his club has accepted Winburne's challenge to play a series of three games. The first game will take place at Winburne on Wednesday, September 25, and the second at Munson on Friday, September 27. A third game, necessary if it will be played off at either Morrisdale or Phillipsburg at a date to be made known later.

Manager J. A. Ross states that the famous Blue Ball baseball team has won sixteen out of twenty games played this season. This is a good showing and reflects credit on the manager and team alike.

Connie Mack says he believes Doc Lavan, the diminutive infielder now with the Browns is going to make one of the real stars of the game.

The report that Cy Falkenberg had planned to jump back to the Cleveland Naps led many fans to wonder if Cyrus wouldn't stand investigating.

Two former Boston Braves, Hal Myers of the Brooklyn Dodgers and Knut of the Indianapolis Hoosiers, are having a grand battle for the leadership of base stealers in the Federal League.

SPITBALL IS IN DISREPUTE

Wise Pitchers in Big Leagues Have Cast Most Spheres Aside—Shortest Careers

The spitball is falling into disrepute. Very few of the twirlers in the big leagues are using it today and those who do are using it sparingly. The wise pitchers have cast it aside knowing that even though the use of the most thing may add to their string of victories it will mean the shortening of their careers.

Jack Chesbro used it back in 1904 when he almost pitched the Yankees into the leadership of the league. But the use of the spitball practically ruined Chesbro as a star performer. Ed Walsh used the spitball for several years and his success was phenomenal. But the price was high for Walsh's arm today is in such condition that he never knows whether it will serve him the full route or whether a kink will appear and force him to surrender the hurling job to a relief pitcher.

Jeff Tesreau used the spitball to a great extent when he first landed on major league soil. But he isn't doing it with such reckless abandon as of yore. Jeff soon learned that the spitball kinked the arm if used freely and now he throws it only in emergencies.

There are several other pitchers in the big leagues who still throw the spitball but they are throwing it just about a half dozen times during the game. Some of the fans believe they throw it often because of the deception practiced by the pitcher—putting the ball up near the mouth and seeming to lubricate it. Batters aren't fond of spitballs. They hate to see



Ed Walsh of Chicago White Sox.

them coming. Both the pitchers who have discarded the use of the dampened twister very often bust at pitching.

The passing of the spitball comes as good news to the infielders. In the years when the spitball was generally used errors were frequent on account of the spitball. A pitcher would toss the ball freely with saliva and slippery elm or tobacco juice, a batter would hammer it to the infield, the infielder would grab it and start to throw, only to find that the slippery ball had slipped from his fingers. Quite often when the infielder was able to get the ball away in the direction of the base the ball would take a wild slant and result in a horrible error.

A want ad in the Progress may start you on the way to riches.



LIPTON HOPES FOR CUP RACE NEXT YEAR

St. Thomas J. Lipton, the English yachtman who is now talking of holding the races for the America's cup in 1918.

INSURES LIVES OF UMPIRES

National League Takes Out Policies for Its Baseballers—Not Afraid of Fans

Arrangements have just been completed whereby the National League has taken out accident insurance policies in favor of the ten umpires on the rolls of this organization.

This is not due to any demonstrations on the part of players or spectators that have been made or may be made against the persons of the arbiters of play, although it is not likely that the chance of some wayward soda pop bottle colliding with some umpire, some thought was altogether ignored.

The action of the league authorities is in line with a policy of protecting against railroad accidents, flying balls and the like, it being the practice when an umpire has been injured in the line of duty to defray the cost of medical and surgical attention, while at the same time keeping the incapacitated field judges upon the salary rolls during periods of inactivity.

Terms of the policies call for a payment of \$25 a week while victims are out of commission, \$100 in event of death and \$10,000 in event of death in a railroad accident. It is considered likely that the American league will follow suit.

The greatest factors in the various baseball races this season are conspicuous by their absence—the fans.

German Schaeffer, a loud in his praise of the Boston Braves, and says Stallings' team is going to nose out the Giants.

Rudolph, Tyler and James have been the pitchers who have done the most consistent work for Stallings this summer.

RAILROAD

GRAVE DANGERS CONFRONT ROADS BECAUSE OF WAR

The problems arising from the European war confronting the country as to the difficulties in marketing our many varied productions are momentous. As asserted by F. B. Bush, president of the Missouri Pacific, in St. Louis this week adding that the war would affect railroads adversely. This war emergency will impact their credit so that under the present conditions of inadequate revenues all attempts to finance railroad securities will be futile. This is the greatest danger with which railroads have been menaced in their history. They are thus not only deprived of the means to meet current urgent needs in affording adequate service, but they are confronted with the problem as to how they can take care of outstanding obligations which mature in the near future. A careful computation of these obligations shows there are upward of \$778,000,000 in default at present time \$34,000,000 of which must be met before the end of this year and \$44,000,000 between now and the end of next year. It is not less to say that if these obligations are not met other industrial interests dependent on the railroads will be in jeopardy as well as the railroad itself. The probability is that for a long time to come American securities will not find a market in Europe.

Permission to Electrify

The New York public service commission has granted the application of the Jamestown, Westfield & North Western railroad to change the motive power from steam to electricity and to issue \$100,000 capital stock which is to be given to Sheldon B. and Almet W. Broadhead as payment for properties purchased from the receivers of the Jamestown, Chautauque & Lake Erie railway.

Enginemen Weigh Measures

Members of the legislative committee of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Trainmen comprising 72 members from the railroad centers of the state Saturday began their business session for the discussion of bills to be presented to the legislature. They will be here for a week and a program will be drawn up and bills outlined.

Can Shops Becoming Busy

The first indication of a business revival in the ironing and large machine trade plants here last week when it was announced that in the week the Pullman Company yesterday had taken on 200 men in its shops in this city and expects to continue taking on men

\$10,000 IN CASH MAY GO TO PROGRESS READER

One of the Most Remarkable Offers Ever Made is Now Presented to the Readers of This Paper

The Great sum of \$10,000.00 is to be given to one person only, and that person might as well be a reader of the Progress as any one else. Perhaps you will wonder how the Progress can make that offer and before we explain, let us ask you a few questions.

Have you ever followed a mystery to its conclusion? Have you ever felt that a great crime all by yourself? If you have not you ought to realize right now that all criminals try to cover their trails, and clever criminals such as the "Black Hundred" in the "Million Dollar Mystery" succeed.

It takes a great—the greatest detective to point the way and we have him in the person of

You perhaps wonder what he has to do with the \$10,000 so we thus explain. First of all "The Million Dollar Mystery" is a deep mystery novel from the pen of Harold McGrath and was written for the Thannhouser Moving Picture company, who produced it in serial form all except the last two reels, and these they will not make till some one person solves the mystery. And they offer \$10,000.00 to the one person who does solve it. The Million Dollar Mystery will ap-



pear consecutively at the Globe Theatre, commencing Tuesday, Sept. 22. The story in the Progress commencing this evening, (Tuesday) and continuing every week. Solutions are to be addressed to the Thannhouser Film Corporation, Dept. A, New Rochelle, N. Y. Solutions must be received not later than midnight January 14, 1918. This allows eight weeks after the first appearance of the last film and seven weeks after the appearance of the last chapter in the newspaper in which to submit your solution.

Solutions of the mystery must not contain more than one hundred words. There is no other special condition as to what the solution must conform to—it should be just what you think is the most acceptable solution after following the mystery through to the twenty-second episode.

Here are some questions to be kept in mind in connection with the mystery as a hint to the solution.

- No. 1—What becomes of the million dollars?
- No. 2—What became of the million dollars?
- No. 3—Who does the million dollars?
- No. 4—What becomes of the Russian countess?

A board of three judges, Harold McGrath, Lloyd Longman and Ma Thine will determine which of the solutions received is the most acceptable. The judgment of the board will be final and no appeal will be allowed.

until further notice. The work on full time.

WANTED: A Bright Young Man

A long established and reputable house 40 years in business—has an opening in this city for a resident representative. He will be largely his own boss, the work is pleasant and agreeable, he will receive more than \$3.00 on the bottom door, and previous experience is not essential. This is a real opportunity for a young man of good appearance, wide circle of acquaintance and a genuine desire to make good in a profitable kind of work. Live earnest reply, mail returns first consideration.

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"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The Last Shot

By
FREDERICK PALMER

Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons

"We'll spare any of them who has the luck to get this far!" whispered sternly to his rifle. The sentence was spoken in the midst of a salvo of shrapnel cracks, which he did not hear. He heard nothing, thought nothing, except to kill.

The Gray batteries on the plain, having taken up a new position and being reinforced, played on the crest at top speed instantly the Gray line came and started up the slope at the run. With the purpose of confusing the less than killing, they used percussion, which burst on striking the ground, as well as shrapnel, which burst by a time-fuse in the air. Pounding of god and dirt shot upward in almost depending sprays of bullets. The concussion of the earth shook the men of Dellarme's men, blinded smoke and dust, as they fired through a fog of bent figures whose legs were pumping fast in dim pantomime.

But the guns of the Browns, also, have word that the charge has begun. The signal corporal is waiting for the order from Dellarme agreed upon as an announcement. The Brown artillery commander cuts his fuses two hundred and fifty yards short. He, too, uses percussion for moral effect.

Half of the distance from the foot of the crest of the knoll Fracasse's men have gone in face of the hot, sizzling tornado of bullets, when there is a blast of explosions in their faces with all the chaotic and irresistible force of a volcanic eruption. Not only are they in the midst of the first lot of the Browns' shells at the shorter range, but one Gray battery has either made a mistake in cutting its fuses or struck a streak of powder below standard and its shells burst among those whom it is aiming to assist.

The ground seems rising under the feet of Fracasse's company; the air is split and racked and wrenched and torn with hideous screams of invisible demons. The men stop; they act on the uncontrollable instinct of self-preservation against an overwhelming force of nature. A few without the power of locomotion drop, faces



A Blood-Curdling Burst of Whistles Passed Over His Head.

pressed to the ground. The rest fled toward a shoulder of the slope through the instinct that leads a hunted man in a street into an alley. In a confusion of arms and legs, pressing one on the other, no longer soldiers, only a mob, they throw themselves behind the first protection that offers itself. Fracasse also runs. He runs from the flame of a furnace door suddenly thrown open.

The Gray batteries have ceased firing; certain gunners' ears burn under the words of inquiry as to the cause of the mistake from an artillery commander. Dellarme's men are hugging the earth too close to cheer. A desire to spring up and yell may be in their hearts, but they know the danger of showing a single unnecessary inch of their cranlums above the sky-line. The sounds that escape their throats are those of a winning team at a tug of war as diaphragms relax.

With the smoke clearing, they see 20 or 30 Grays plastered on the slope at the point where the charge was checked. Every one of those prostrate forms is within fatal range. Not one moves a finger; even the living are feigning death in the hope of surviving. Among them is little Peterkin, so faithful in forcing his refractory legs to keep pace with his comrades. If he is always up with them they will never know what is in his heart and tell him a coward. As he has been shocked unconscious, he has not been in the pell-mell retreat.

His first stabbing thought on coming to was that he must be dead; but, no; he was opening his eyes sticky with dust. At least, he must be wounded!

He had not power yet to move his hands in order to feel where, and when they grew alive enough to move, what he saw in front of him held them frigidly still. His nerves went searching from his head to his feet and—miracle of heaven!—found no point of pain or spot soppy with blood. If he were really hit there was bound to be one or the other, he knew from reading.

Between him and the faces of the Browns—yes, the actual, living, terrible Browns—above the glint of their rifle barrels, was no obstacle that could stop a bullet, though not more than three feet away was a crater made by a shell burst. The black circle of every muzzle on the crest seemed to be pointing at him. When were they going to shoot? When was he to be executed? Would he be shot in many places and die thus? Or would the very first bullet go through his head? Why didn't they fire? What were they waiting for? The suspense was unbearable. The desperation of overwhelming fear driving him in irresponsible impulses, he doubled up his legs and with a cat's leap sprang for the crater.

A blood-curdling burst of whistles passed over his head as a dozen rifles cracked. This time he was surely killed! He was in some other world! Which was it, the good or the bad? The good, for he had a glimpse of blue sky. No, that could not be, for he had been alive when he leaped for the crater, and there he was pressed against the soft earth of its bottom. He burrowed deeper blissfully. He was the nearest to the enemy of any man of the 128th, and he certainly had passed through a gamut of emotions in the half-hour since Eugene Aronson had leaped over a white post.

"Confound it! If we'd kept on we'd have got them! Now we have to do it all over again!" growled Fracasse distractedly as he looked around at the faces hugging the cover of the shoulder—faces asking, "What next?" each in its own way: faces blank and white; faces with lips working and eyes blinking; faces with the blood rushing back to cheeks in baffled anger. One, however, was half smiling—Hugo Mallin's.

"You did your share of the running. I'll warrant, Mallin!" said Fracasse excitedly, venting his disgust on a particular object.

"Yes, sir," answered Hugo. "It was very hard to maintain a semblance of dignity. Yes, sir, I kept near you all the time. Wasn't that what you wanted me to do, sir?"

Three or four men burst into a hysterical laugh as if something had broken in their throats. Everybody felt better for this touch of drollery except the captain. Yet, possibly, it may have helped him in recovering his poise. Sometimes even a pin-prick will have this effect.

"Silence!" he said in his old manner. "I will give you something to joke about other than a little setback like this! Get up there with your rifles!"

He formed the nucleus of a firing line under cover of the shoulder, and then set the remainder of his company to work with their spades making a trench. The second battalion of the 128th, which faced the knoll, was also digging at the base of the slope, and another regiment in reserve was deploying on the plain. After the failure to rush the knoll the Gray commander had settled down to the business of a systematic approach.

And what of those of Fracasse's men who had not run but had dropped in their tracks when the charge halted? They were between two lines of fire. There was no escape. Some of the wounded had a mercifully quick end; others suffered the consciousness of being hit again and again; the dead were bored through with bullet holes. In torture, the survivors prayed for death; for all had to die except Peterkin, the party-faced little valet's son.

Peterkin was quite safe, hugging the bottom of the shell crater under a swarm of hornets. In a surprisingly short time he became accustomed to the situation and found himself ravenously hungry, for the strain of the last 12 hours had burned up tissue. He took a biscuit out of his knapsack and began nibbling it, as became a true rodent.

CHAPTER X.

Marta's First Glimpse of War. As Marta and the children came to the door of the chapel after the recitation of the oath, she saw the civil population moving along the street in the direction of the range. There was nothing for Marta to do but start homeward. The thought that her mother was alone made her hasten at a pace much more rapid than the procession of people, whose talk and exclamations formed a monotone audible in its nearness, despite the continuous rifle-fire, now broken by the pounding of the guns.

"It's all done to beat the Grays, isn't it, Miss Galland? They are trying to take our land," said Jacky Werther as Marta parted from him.

"Yes, it is done to beat the Grays," she answered. "Good luck, Jacky!"

Yes, yes, to beat the Grays! The same idea—the fighting nature, the brute nature of man—animated both sides. Had the Browns really tried for peace? Had they, in the spirit of her oath, appealed to justice and reason? Why hadn't their premier before all the world said to the premier of the Grays, as one honest, friendly neighbor to another over a matter of dispute:

"We do not want war. We know you outnumber us, but we know you would not take advantage of that. If we are wrong we will make amends; if you are wrong we know that you will. Let us not play tricks in secret to gain points, we civilized nations, but be frank with each other. Let us not try to irritate each other or to influence our people, but to realize how much we have in common and that our only purpose is common progress and happiness."

At the turn of the road in front of the castle she saw the gunners of the batteries making an emplacement for their guns in a field of carrots that had not yet been harvested. The roots of golden yellow were mixed with the tossing spade-tails of earth.

A shadow like a great cloud in mad flight shot over the earth, and with the gunners she looked up to see a Gray dirigible. Already it was turning homeward; already it had gained its object as a scout. On the fragile platform of the gondola was a man, seemingly a human mite aiming a tiny toy gun. His target was one of the Brown aeroplanes.

"They're in danger of cutting their own envelope! They can't get the angle! The plane is too high!" exclaimed the artillery commander. Both he and his men forgot their work in watching the spectacle of aerial David against aerial Goliath. "If our man lands with his little bomb, oh, my!" he grinned. "That's why he is so high. He's been waiting up there."

"Pray God he will!" exclaimed one of the gunners.

"Look at his aeroplane—motor at full speed, too!"

"Into it! Making sure! Oh, splendid!" cried the artillery commander. A ball of lightning shot forth sheets of flame. Dirigible and plane were hidden in an ugly swirl of yellowish smoke, rolling out into a purple cloud that spread into prismatic mist over the descent of cavoring human bodies and broken machinery and twisted braces, flying pieces of tattered or burning cloth. David has taken Goliath down with him in a death grip.

An aeroplane following the dirigible as a screen, hoping to get home with information if the dirigible were lost, had escaped the sharpshooters in the church tower by flying around the town. However, it ran within range of the automatic and the sharpshooters on top of the castle tower. They fell off the bull's-eye but their bullets, rimming the target, crippling the motor, and cutting braces, brought the crawling wings about the helpless pilot. The watching gunners uttered "Aha!" of horror and triumph as they saw him fall, gliding this way and that, in the agony of slow descent.

"Come, now!" called the artillery commander. "We are wasting precious time."

Entering the grounds of the Galland house, Marta had to pass to one side of the path, now blocked by army wagons and engineers' materials and tools. Soldiers carrying sand-bags were taking the shortest cut, trampling the flowers on their way.

"Do you know whose property this is?" she demanded in a burst of anger.

"Ours—the nation's!" answered one, perspiring freely at his work. "Sorry!" he added on second thought.

Already parts of the first terrace were shoulder-high with sand-bags and one automatic had been set in place. Marta observed as she turned to the veranda. There her mother sat in her favorite chair, hands relaxed as they rested on its arms, while she looked out over the valley in the superhuman quality that comes to some women under a strain—as soldiers who have been on sieges can tell you—that some psychologists interpret one way and some another, none knowing even their own wives.

"Marta, did any of the children come?" Mrs. Galland asked in her usual pleasant tone. So far as she was concerned, the activity on the terrace did not exist. She seemed oblivious of the fact of war.

Marta's monosyllabic absently answering the question was expressive of her wonder at her mother. Most girls do not know their mothers much better than psychologists know their wives.

"Marta, whatever happens one should go regularly about what he considers his duty," said Mrs. Galland. "They have been as considerate as they could, evidently by Colonel Lan-

astron's orders," she proceeded, nodding toward the industrious engineers. "And they've packed all the paintings



She Looked Up to See a Gray Dirigible.

The captain of engineers in command, seeing Marta, hurried toward her.

"Miss Galland, isn't it?" he asked. "I have been waiting for you. I—I well, I found that I could not make the situation clear to your mother."

(To be Continued.)



WANAMAKER BELIEVES PROSPERITY TO BE VERY NEAR.

John Wanamaker, the noted merchant who believes that prosperity for American manufacturers is very near at hand. After a careful study of the situation he has stated that he believes conditions will take a turn for the better within the next fortnight.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons—the best on the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 60c. If by mail, remit 65c and ribbons will be forwarded promptly.

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FOR SALE—Fresh cow, calf 3 weeks old, cow 5 years old. Perry Norris, New Milport. 9 21 3t.

Help wanted—You can always secure the best kind of domestic or office help by using the Progress classified ads.

WAITER WANTED—One young man for counter, one girl for tables and one dishwasher. Experienced people. New Central restaurant. 9 21 3t.

When Liars Are No More. A Canadian preacher thinks the time is near when there will be no liars. When that time comes obituaries will be much shorter than they are now.—Toledo Blade.

A want ad in the Progress may start you on the way to riches.

Market Street Property for Sale. A house on Market street, splendidly located, with modern conveniences for rent at once. Address the Progress for particulars.

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The Victrola furnishes the dance music at Castle House

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle are the foremost authorities on the modern dances, and their use of the Victrola is its best possible recommendation for furnishing dance music.

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HARDER'S GUN WORKS

Clearfield, Penn'a.

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

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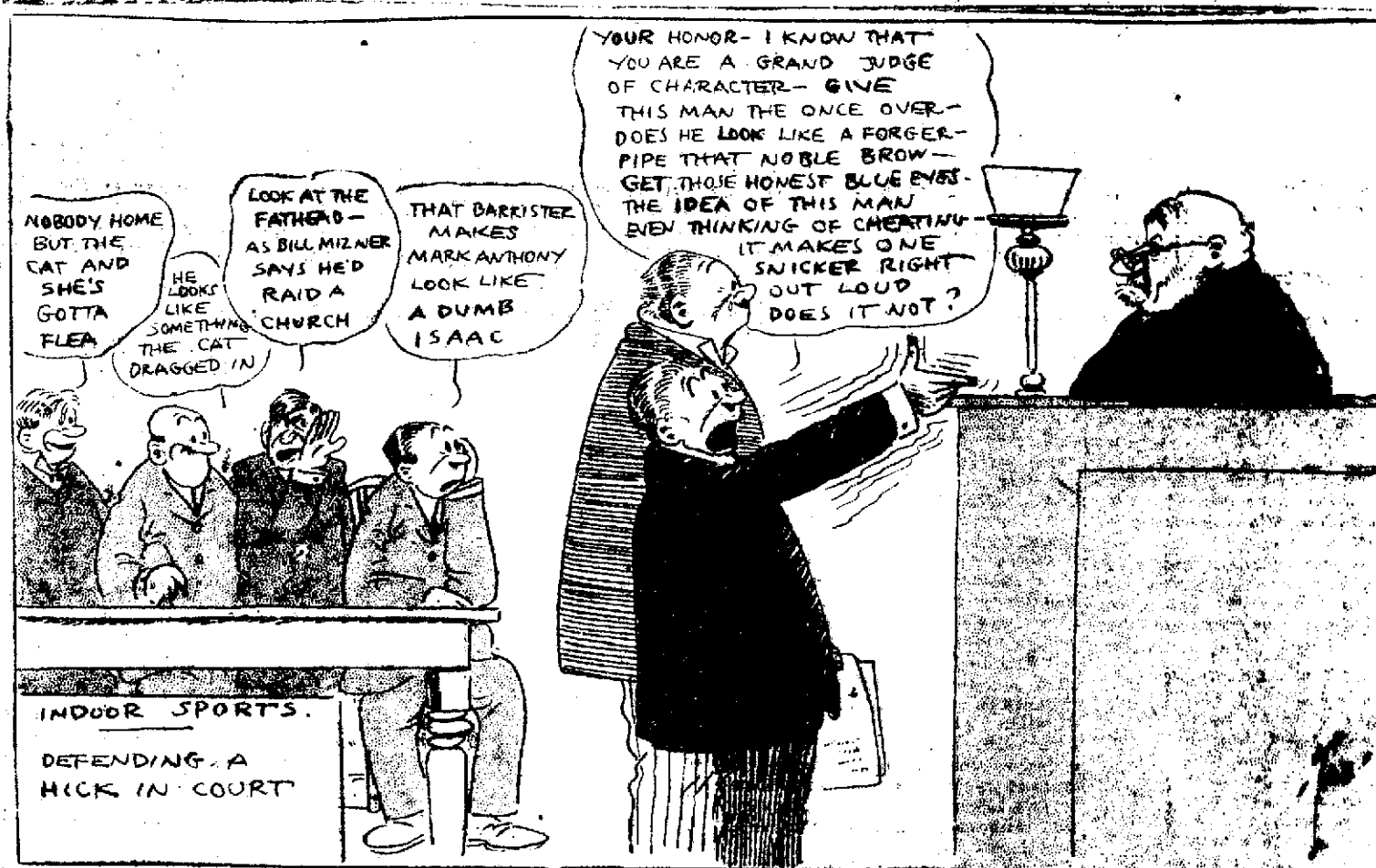
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INDOOR SPORTS



BY TAD

AMUSEMENTS

Ceddes' The Funny Housemaid in "A Pair of Shirts."

One of the most original comedians now on the stage is that of "Ceddes" an eccentric fellow named "A Pair of Shirts" which will be seen at the opera house tonight. She is singular and quaint in appearance and is prominent in the action of the play through her "infatuation" for a beggar, one of the rich partners who is forced to act as the butler in his partner's household. Ceddes believes that he is a sure-enough a traitor and sets her up for him, greatly to his distress and peace of mind. The character made such a great hit in New York that the newspapers devoted columns to it. The part will be played here by the well known actress Nellie McHenry, who was for nearly years a prominent star.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

At the opera house Friday Night On Friday night Al. Martin's 30,000 dollar revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin will be presented at the New opera house, with a cast of 50 people two bands and a special orchestra. The scenery is especially worthy of mention as they carry everything to make the scenes look natural. Besides the regular actors and actresses in the show they have a chorus of 20 colored men and women singing old songs of Fere de war. This show which has been on the American stage for over 50 years still holds the public's fancy and everywhere it has been greeted with large and appreciative audiences. Seats are now on sale. Prices 25-45 and 50 cents. Children in the gallery 15c. 9 19 7c.

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We have just received several Demijohns of the Strictly Pure Imported Italian Oil. This oil is far superior in quality than any other oil, and is in full compliance with the United States Pharmacopoeia. We put this oil up in any quantity you want. \$1.00 per quart. 50c per pint. 25c per 1/2 pint.

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

JEFFERSON WASHINGTON OPENS HEADQUARTERS

The Washington party, Jefferson county committee has opened headquarters in Room 8, second floor of the Weber building in Punxsutawney. The executive committee held a meeting at the headquarters last week and outlined the campaign in Jefferson county. Gifford Pinchot, candidate for United States senator, and party will tour the county the last of this month. The Pinchot party will spend one day in the county, visiting fifteen different towns and winding up the tour of the county with an open air meeting at Punxsutawney.

A Pinchot club is being organized and a vigorous campaign for all the candidates will be waged until the election in November. Every district in the county is organized.

A large consignment of campaign literature and lithographs of candidates has been received at the headquarters for distribution. Beginning October 1 the headquarters will be in charge of a clerk and be open during the day and evening.

Committees to Conduct the Pinchot Campaign

Philadelphia, Sept. 21.—Announced by the committee of the campaign of Gifford Pinchot for United States senator, the announcement being accompanied by a bitter attack on Representative A. Mitchell Palmer, Democratic candidate, for not withdrawing in Pinchot's favor.

Executive committee.—The Rev. George W. Shelton, Pittsburgh; Dr. H. M. Chaffin, Philadelphia; Herbert Parsons, New York city; George W. Wagners, Middleburg; the Rev. Dr. James A. Patterson, Frankfort; James G. Glazner, York; E. T. Tompkins, Decatur; Dr. John A. Campbell, Williamport; Edwin L. M. Irvine, Ridgway; Romain C. Hasselrick, Philadelphia, executive secretary.

Campaign committee.—L. S. McKinley, Butler county; the Rev. Dr. J. T. Rimer, Clarion county; J. A. Franklin county.

The war of car and horse depends upon the point of view.—Roy K. Moulton in Philadelphia Star.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE

From the files of Progress, 1934.

The cutting down of Coal hill to the level of the adjoining streets has given the city another handsome roadway.

Clearfield grown apples are now in such demand at good prices that many farmers are devoting much of their land to the planting of orchards.

Seventeen thousand Angora goats now browse on the hills which formerly gave forth nothing better than bracken and scrub oak.

The train on the Clearfield and Penfield railroad was half an hour late this morning, caused by a car jumping the track when the train was approaching Paradise station.

The annual report of the municipal-owned water works shows a profit for the past year of \$56,000.

The law prohibiting the raising of chickens in the city, passed in 1926, is generally observed, although some few of the residents of the East End continue to keep blooded fowl.

The aviation shed of William Bock was entered last night by some miscreant and one of the machines badly damaged.

The Point of View.

Some years ago my father drove an ancient piebald mare. And when he met a motor car he'd scowl at it and glare. Would he turn out? No not a bit. He'd try to hog the road. When they would ask him to give way he'd yell, I've got a load. His hatred for the gas machines was unrelenting, quite. It was a mania with him, he talked it day and night. He said that any feller who would drive one was a fool. For father was a backward man, who followed the old school.

But things have changed since then a bit, although for years he roared. About the gold-dam devil cars, he's gone and bought a Ford. He beats it round the countryside at thirty miles an hour. And when an old horse heaves in sight he crowds on all his power. He nearly huffs with anger when he wants the right of way. And hollers for the love of Mike, lay over there, you fool. He's got the latest fashions, green goggles and the like. He is the greatest motor head who applies down this place. It's just the same old story, you see, it's nothing new.

PEACE TALK IDLE

While peace may come in an instant because of the great slaughter that is going on in France, there is no one foolish enough to expect that either of the warring nations will voluntarily be the first to agree to peace. The nations are war-mad. Their rulers and military authorities are determined to carry on the conflict until nature calls a halt or until one side or the other wins. It has been predicted that this will be a long war, and the prediction is pretty certain to be verified.

SIX SMALL SMILES

Too Many.

The New Haven has 10,000 women stockholders.

Seems to me that's an awful lot of switches for one road.—Buffalo Express.

Big Money.

Artist—I've spent a dollar carfare toting that sketch around town, yet you only offer me two dollars.

Art Editor—Well, that's a hundred per cent on your money, isn't it?—Life.

Settled Income.

"Dear Charles, said Mrs. Fleming, used to send me alimony every month without a murmur.

Yes, replied Miss Cayenne, he says it's a great comfort to turn over a bunch of money to you without an argument because it isn't more.—Washington Star.

No Lover of Music.

Is that your daughter singing? asked Dugan, the plumber.

It is, replied Mr. Dolan. The teacher says her register is something wonderful.

Register, is it? It sounds more like a safety valve.—Washington Star.

He Couldn't See It.

They say it takes more than a million years for the light from that star to reach the earth.

Oh, piffle! Why it hasn't been dark more'n half an hour.—New York Evening Post.

The Impossible.

First Student (in burst of admiration)—Professor Gabby is a wonder as a linguist. What tongue hasn't he mastered?

Associate Professor (dryly)—His wife's.—Baltimore American.

ENGLAND COULD NOT WITHOUT DISHONOR, EVADE WAR.

SAVES BRIDGES.

Robert Bridges, England's poet laureate, who joins with the leading English authors in a declaration against Germany. Bridges was one of the leading poets in the preparation of this document which declares that honor left England no choice but war.

Compare the war news printed in the Progress today with that found

in other papers tomorrow, and you will see the advantage of reading a newspaper that receives special telegrams from all parts of the world.

Having spent four years reading, studying and trying to solve the mystery of the state game laws as promulgated by the state game commission, able to tell what he is permitted to kill or be on the verge of insanity.

Berlin authorities are said to have sneered at the reports that the kaiser would agree to peace. But why should not the kaiser be willing to put an end to the slaughter of the young manhood of Germany? Does he own the souls and bodies of his subjects?

The siege of cities in France has resulted in the destruction of buildings of inestimable value and works of art and science which cannot be replaced. In Reims one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world has been demolished by German shells, the French accusing the kaiser's troops with deliberately firing upon the cathedral, although it was for the time being used as a Red Cross hospital. This act of vandalism has further increased the hatred of Germany burning in the hearts of the Frenchmen.

The president of the United States has urged the people to observe neutrality in the war. The American people are neutral, or at least as neutral as it is possible for a civilized people to be neutral under the circumstances, but there is an evident desire on the part of former subjects of Emperor William to mislead the American people as to the facts coming to light in the war zone. These German-Americans would have the Americans extend their sympathy to the kaiser, the cause of the war and the horrors which has followed. There should be some means taken to suppress un-American discussions among those German-Americans who still seem to think they owe allegiance to Emperor William.

Whether she wear gowns designed in Paris or in Squedunk, the American girl will eclipse her European sister anyway.

Young Dick Quay is hardly the kind of man that the voters of Pennsylvania would flock around for advice on politics.

First, Louvain, then Reims. And these cities were ruined by the ruler of a nation who said the czar of Russia was a barbarian.

One month of hard work on the public roads or streets would be a heavier punishment for the wife beater than a year in the penitentiary.

President Wilson's declaration that he was about to inaugurate an era of economy is a confession that the Democrats in congress have been very extravagant.

English suffragettes are going to the front as nurses, and it will be well for the Germans if the suffragettes do not stray over the line and give an exhibition of their warlike character.

Still, it is possible that some of the football news will be found on the first page next to the column devoted to other casualties, such as are the result of the "greatest war the world has ever seen."

It is no joke to predict that this centralization of government will go to such lengths that a citizen cannot whitewash his back fence without getting permission from a state commission.

The volatile Frenchman, as he has been called in the past, isn't showing any frivolity at present, but is fighting with as much coolness and vigor as are any other of the soldiers in Europe.

President Wilson deprecates the fact that some of the foreign-born residents of the United States are not observing this country's neutrality. Some of them are sure talking too much with their mouths.

Our German-American friends have little to say relative to the destruction of the Reims cathedral a war act which will cause history to blot down the general who ordered the bombardment of Reims as a heathen.

Among the Americans who were arrested in Germany as spies are two Germans, who went abroad to attend a peace congress. Even a clergyman would be excusable for saying things under such circumstances.

Compare the war news printed in the Progress today with that found

in other papers tomorrow, and you will see the advantage of reading a newspaper that receives special telegrams from all parts of the world.

Having spent four years reading, studying and trying to solve the mystery of the state game laws as promulgated by the state game commission, able to tell what he is permitted to kill or be on the verge of insanity.

Berlin authorities are said to have sneered at the reports that the kaiser would agree to peace. But why should not the kaiser be willing to put an end to the slaughter of the young manhood of Germany? Does he own the souls and bodies of his subjects?

SPECIAL SALE

O-Cedar Polish Mops

Fall House Cleaning

For a Limited Time we Offer
The \$1.50 Size for \$1.25
The \$1.00 Size for 75c
SEE WINDOW

O-Cedar Polish Mops are so well and favorably known that a detailed description is scarcely necessary, however, we shall be glad to mail descriptive circulars upon request.

Telephone Orders Receive Careful Attention.

Clearfield Hardware Co., 125 Market St.

TAXI?

CALL

Wallace Garage

PRICES RIGHT

H. & C. Phone Third Street

NOTICE!

After September 11, 1914, our business must be on a strictly cash basis. We want to be fair with each and every one. We will do as heretofore and will gladly call for and deliver all goods, but must be paid for either at the office or on delivery.

T. J. NORRIS,

The Clothes Cleaner

THE NAME

BISSELL

On a Carpet Sweeper

Insures Easy, Thorough Sweeping

To use tallow candles for illuminating purposes today would be no more absurd than to use a corn broom for sweeping fine carpets or rugs. Would you use a harsh which broom to brush a delicate fabric of silk or satin? We are confident you wouldn't.

Then why use a harsh corn broom for sweeping a fine carpet or rug? A corn broom is positively destructive to fine carpets or rugs, to say nothing of the fact that it doesn't sweep clean. After you've swept with a broom, the BISSELL will follow and gather an immense quantity of fine dust and grit.

Once you use a BISSELL, you will never be without one, and don't forget its economy, as it will outlast fifty corn brooms.

Prices

Price \$1.75 to \$5.50

ROSS & WOODS

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath)

CHAPTER I.

A Call in the Night.

There are few things darker than a road at night, particularly if you do not know the lay of the land. It is not difficult to traverse a path; no matter how dark it is, you are able to find the way by the aid of a mental photograph taken in the daytime. But supposing you have never been over the road in the daytime, that you know nothing whatever of its topography, where it dips or rises, where it narrows or forks. You find yourself in the same unhappy state of mind as a blind man suddenly thrust into a strange house.

One black night, along a certain country road in the heart of New Jersey, when the only good roads were city thoroughfares and country highways were routes to him, a carriage went forward cautiously. From time to time it careened like a blunt-nosed barge in a beam sea. The wheels and springs voiced their anguish continually; for it was a good carriage, unaccustomed to such ruts and hummocks.

"Faster, faster!" came a muffled voice from the interior.

"Sir, I dare not drive any faster," replied the coachman. "I can't see the road ahead, sir, let alone the road I'm driving on. The lamps, but I can't see the road any better for that."

"Let the horses have their heads; they'll find the way. It can't be much farther. You'll see lights."

The coachman swore in his teeth. All right. This man who was in such a hurry would probably send them all into the ditch. Save for the few stars above, he might have been driving a sleigh on a frozen lake. Black velvet, everywhere black velvet. A wind was blowing, and yet the blackness was so thick that it gave to the coachman the sensation of being suffocated.

By and by, through the trees, he saw a flicker of light. It might or might not be the destination. He cracked his whip recklessly and the



"Why, You Cheep!" Cried the Old Maid.

carriage lurched on two wheels. The driver, so that the bundle in his arms should not be unduly disturbed, his arms ached. He stuck his head out of the window.

"That's the place," he said. "And when you drive up make as little noise as you can."

"Yes, sir," called down the driver. When the carriage drew up at its destination and the man inside jumped out and hastened toward the gates. He scrutinized the sign on one of the posts. This was the place.

MISS FARLOW'S PRIVATE SCHOOL. The bundle in his arms stirred and he hurried up the path to the door of the house. He set the ancient knocker and stuck several times. He then placed the bundle on the steps and ran back to the waiting carriage, into which he stepped.

"Off with you!"

"That's a good word, sir. Maybe

in Riverdale, was the house of no ordinary rich man. Outside it was simple enough, but within you learned what kind of a man Hargrave was. There were rare tapestries and Sarakus on the floors and tapestries on the walls, and here and there a fine painting. The library itself represented a fortune. Money had been laid out lavishly but never wastefully. It was the home of a scholar, a dreamer, a wide traveler.

In the library stood the master of the house, idly fingering some papers which lay on the study table. His shrug at some unpleasant thought, settled his overcoat about his shoulders, took up his hat, and walked from the room, frowning slightly. The butler, who also acted in the capacity of valet, always within call when his master was about, stepped swiftly to the hall door and opened it.

"I may be out late, Jones," said Hargrave.

"Yes, sir."

Hargrave stared into his face keenly, as if trying to pierce the grave face to learn what was going on behind it.

"How long have you been with me?"

"Fourteen years, sir."

"Some day I shall need you."

"My life has always been at your disposal, sir, since that night you rescued me."

"Well, I haven't the least doubt that when I ask you will give."

"Without question, sir. It was always so understood."

Hargrave's glance sought the mirror, then the smileless face of his man. He laughed, but the sound conveyed no sense of mirth; then he turned and went down the steps slowly, like a man burdened with some thought which was not altogether to his liking. He had sent an order for his car, but had immediately countermanded it. He would, walk till he grew tired, and down Broadway.

The wonderful illumination might prove diverting. For 18 years nearly; and now it was as natural for him to throw a glance over his shoulder whenever he left the house as it was for him to breathe. The average man would have grown careless during all these years; but Hargrave was not an average man; he was, rather, an extraordinary individual. It was his life in exchange for eternal vigilance, and he knew and accepted the fact.

Half an hour later he got into a taxicab and directed the man to drive downtown as far as Twenty-third street and back to Columbus circle. The bewildering display of lights, however, in no wise served to lift the sense of oppression that had weighed upon him all day. South of Forty-second street he dismissed the taxicab and stared undecidedly at the brilliant sign of a famous restaurant. He was neither hungry nor thirsty; but there would be strange faces to study and music.

It was an odd whim. He had not entered a Broadway restaurant in all these years. He was unknown. He

belonged to no clubs. Two months was the longest time he had ever remained in New York since the disposal of his old home in Madison avenue and his resignation from his club. This once, then, he would break the law he had written down for himself. Boldly he entered the restaurant.

Some time before Hargrave surrendered to the restless spirit of rebellion, bitterly to repent for it later, there came into this restaurant a man and a woman. They were both evidently well known, for the head waiter was obsequious and hurried them over to the best table he had left and took the order himself.

The man possessed a keen, intelligent face. You might have marked him for a successful lawyer, for there was an earnestness about his expression which precluded a life of idleness. His age might have been anywhere between 40 and 50. The shoulders were broad and the hands which lay clasped upon the table were slim but muscular. Indeed, everything about him suggested hidden strength and vitality. His companion was small, handsome, and animated. Her frequent gestures and mutable eyebrows betrayed her foreign birth. Her

age was a matter of importance to no one but herself.

They were at coffee when she said: "There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you."

The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perigoff, Norton. You're in no hurry, are you?"

"Not now," smiled the reporter.

"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, said in an unusual way. It pleased her.

The reporter sank into a chair. When inactive he was rather a dreamy-eyed sort of chap. He possessed that rare accomplishment of talking upon one subject and thinking upon another at the same time. So while he talked gaily with the young woman on varied themes, his thoughts were busy speculating upon her companion. He was quite certain that the name Braine was assumed, but he was also equally certain that the man carried an extraordinary brain under his thatch of salt and pepper hair. The man had written three or four brilliant monographs on poisons and the uses of radium, and it was through and by these that the reporter had managed to pick up his acquaintance. He lived, well, but inconspicuously.

Suddenly the pupils of Braine's eyes narrowed, the eye became cold. Over the smoke of his cigarette. A man had passed behind him and sat down at the next table. Still gazing into the mirror, Braine saw Norton wave his hand; saw also the open wonder on the reporter's pleasant face.

"Who is your friend, Norton?" Braine asked indifferently, his head still turned.

"Stanley Hargrave. Met him in Hongkong when I was sent over to handle a part of the revolution. War correspondence stuff. First time I ever ran across him on Broadway at night. We've since had some powwows over some rare books. Queer old cock; brave as a lion, but as quiet as a mouse."

"Bookish, eh? My kind. Bring him over." Underneath the table Braine maneuvered to touch the foot of the princess.

"I don't know," said the reporter dubiously. "He might say no, and that would embarrass the whole lot of us. He's a bit of a hermit. I'm surprised to see him here."

"Try," urged the princess. "I like to meet men who are hermits."

"I haven't the least doubt about that," the reporter laughed. "I'll try; but don't blame me if I'm rebuffed."

He left the table with evident reluctance and approached Hargrave. The two shook hands cordially, for the elder man was rather fond of this medley of information known as Jim Norton.

"Sit down, boy; sit down. You're just the kind of a man I've been wanting to talk to tonight."

"Wouldn't you rather talk to a pretty woman?"

"I'm an old man."

"Bah! That's a hypocritical bluff, and you know it. My friends at the next table have asked me to bring you over."

"I do not usually care to meet strangers."

"Make an exception this once," said the reporter, who had seen Braine's eyes change and was curious to know why the appearance of Hargrave in the mirror had brought about that mentally gleam. Here were two unique men; he desired to see them face to face.

"This once. My fault; I ought not to be here; I feel out of place. What a life, though, you reporters lead! To meet kings and presidents and great financiers, socialists and anarchists, the whole scale of life, and to slap these people on the back as if they were everyday friends!"

"Now you're making fun of me. For one king there are always twenty thick brows ready to kick me down the steps; don't forget that."

Hargrave laughed. "Come, then; let us get it over with."

The introductions were made. Norton felt rather chagrined. So far as he could see, the two men were total strangers. Well, it was all in the game. Nine out of ten opportunities for the big story were fake alarms; but he was always willing to risk the labor these nine entailed for the sake of the tenth.

At length Braine glanced at his watch, and the princess nodded. Adieux were said. Inside the taxicab Braine leaned back with a deep, audible sigh.

"What is it?" she asked.

(To be continued.)

IN THE MOVIES

OFFERING AT THE GLOBE ONE OF BEST YET SEEN

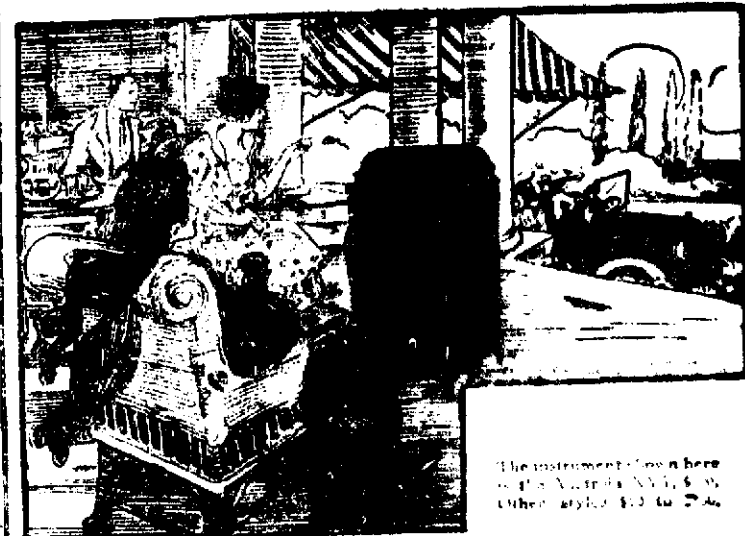
"The Mischief Maker" is a special vitagraph feature at the Globe this evening. Jealous of her successful rival, Annie, finally instigates a quarrel between the husband and wife. Her plot fails and she is scornfully denounced.

"Yarn A-Tangle" is an interesting photoplay at the Globe this evening. Story grows more complicated and tangled as it progresses and the suddenly unangles itself.

"A Jonah," at the Globe this evening. Dennis was unfortunate in his love affair. He was left penniless by the robbers. He was the victim of an explosion. He did not strike it rich in prospecting as his pal did, but he remained his single blessedness and comparative peace of mind as his pal and successful rival did not.

"Seraphina's Love Affair" is an interesting and amusing photoplay at the Globe this evening.

"The Million Dollar Mystery"—the world's greatest serial starts at the Globe tonight.



The music of the Victrola is always enjoyable

After you have been motoring and enjoying the beauties of nature, you can come home and enjoy the beauties of song on the Victrola.

And when a stormy day comes along and you have to stay indoors, you will be doubly glad to have a Victrola.

Stop in and we will play any music you wish to hear. We'll show you the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10 to \$200—and explain our system of easy terms.

W. F. FREDERICK PIANO CO.

E. E. SMITH, MANAGER
CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Very Best Flour That
Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

\$10,000 Will Be Given Away

The Progress has just completed arrangements whereby one of its readers may be lucky enough to win a prize of \$10,000. This offer will be made in detail within the next few days, and is run in conjunction with the great serial Photoplay which starts at the Globe Theatre, Tuesday evening.

"The Million Dollar Mystery"

By Harold McGrath

Is the name of the play, and it will also run serially in the Progress every Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The first two installments, however, will be run throughout this week.

Tell any of your friends who may not be subscribers, so they may start at once.—Watch for first offer.

Are you reading the great war story now running in the Progress, and are your friends and neighbors reading it? If not, you had better have the Progress sent to them

"The Last Shot"

By Frederick Palmer

It is one of the greatest war serial ever written, and should not be missed by anyone. It is written by a former war correspondent and is very interesting during the present European war.

And still another treat for our readers is the great serial photoplay

"The Trey O'Hearts"

Which is shown every Wednesday evening at the Opera House, and appears in the Progress every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. This excellent story is by Louis Joseph Vance and has been called one of the best serials yet.

You can not afford to miss these great features, together with our down-to-the-minute telegraph service, and a good line-up of local and county news which are given you every day in

The Clearfield Progress

GLOBE

7 REELS TODAY

Extra Special Vitagraph Feature
Complete in 2 reels.

"The Mischief Makes"

Jealous of her successful rival, Annie instigates a quarrel between husband and wife. Her plan fails, she is scornfully denounced.

Special Features.

"Yarn A-Tangle"

Featuring Francis X. Bushman

THEATRE

SHOWING THE WORLD'S BEST
Feature Pictures

SEPTEMBER 22

Edison Features
"Seraphina's Love Affair"
A great comedy drama

Biograph Features
"A Jonah"

An unfortunate love affair

"The Great Million Dollar Mystery"

Serial starts with 2 reels.

7 Reels all Features Today

A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

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A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

Fashion Exhibit Extraordinaire

What are the Corset Fashions for Fall?

Fitted waist lines of which the basque is an example, will begin to supersede the unrestricted figure of recent seasons. The front and back silhouette of the body will have straighter lines and the waist at the side begins to show a slight curve. The corsets need a little more boning than in the past, with bust measurements from two to five inches.

"The Fall Styles are most Sensible, Medium Busts, Medium Skirts, with straighter lines at the front and back, and the faint suspicion of a curve at the Waist. THIS IS THE FASHION FOR FALL."

BON TON

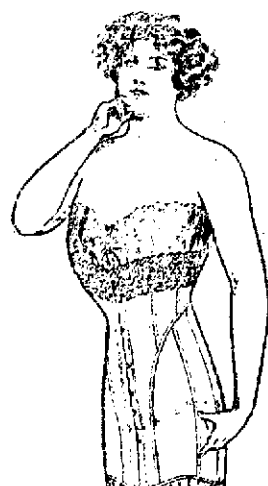
ON-RUSTABLE

CORSETS

The Royal Worcester and Bon Ton Corsets in the New Fall Models

The following six new models in Royal, Worcester and Bon Ton corsets are selected from among many styles we are prepared to show you. The description is absolutely correct for each model, and the illustration a reproduction of the corset.

You'll find not only the greatest care has entered into the construction of these corsets, but they are made handsome with rich and good materials. The trimmings are exquisite, the boning is what is called newbone, very flexible, but still never becomes out of shape, regardless of its hard usage; even the lacings are of the best grades. Below we illustrate six very handsome models that you will be apt to like.

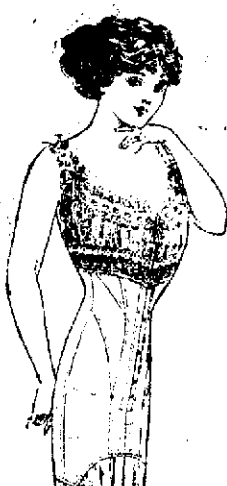


ROYAL
WORCESTER
ON-RUSTABLE

Model 121

Full figure.
Height of bust 5in.
Length of front below waist 11in.
Height under arm 5in.
Length of hip 15in.
Height of back 5in.
Length of back below waist 15in.

Price \$1.00



ROYAL
WORCESTER
ON-RUSTABLE

Model 109

Average figure.
Height of bust 5 1/2 in.
Length of front below waist 14in.
Height under arm 5 1/2 in.
Length of hip 14in.
Height of back 5 1/2 in.
Length of back below waist 14in.

Price \$1.00



ROYAL
WORCESTER
ON-RUSTABLE

Model 546

Full figure.
Height of bust 5 1/2 in.
Length of front below waist 11in.
Height under arm 5 1/2 in.
Length of hip 15in.
Height of back 5 1/2 in.
Length of back below waist 15in.
Double front steel.

Price \$1.50



ROYAL
WORCESTER
ON-RUSTABLE

Model 521

Average figure.
Height of bust 2 1/2 in.
Length of front below waist 12 1/2 in.
Height under arm 2 1/2 in.
Length of hip 15in.
Height of back 2 1/2 in.

Price \$1.50



Bon Ton
CORSETS

Model 847

Average figure.
Length of front below waist 12in.
Length of hip 15 1/2 in.
Length of back below waist 15in.
8 1/2 inch clasp.
Hip Confiner
Waist band 2" suspender webbing combined with satin ribbon. Practically boneless. Elastic lacing in skirt front. 6 supporters. White coutil.

Sizes 19 to 30, \$3.50



Bon Ton
CORSETS

Model 822

Full figure.
Height of bust 4 1/2 in.
Length of front below waist 12 in.
Height under arm 4 1/2 in.
Length of hip 16 in.
Height of back 5 1/2 in.
Length of back below waist 15in.
10 1/2 graduated clasp. Free hip-bone. Elastic patch goes in back. 6 supporters. White coutil.

Sizes 22 to 36.
Price \$3.50

See These New Corset Styles

"They Lace In Front"

In conjunction with "The Fourth Semi-Annual Gossard Proclamation of Authoritative Corset Styles," we are placing on exhibition a full line of models of the beautiful new corsets which will set the styles for well-dressed women this season.

Our illustration shows the general lines that the style makers have decided on, but nothing less than a personal inspection will give you a satisfactory idea of their beauty and comfort.

If you are contemplating the purchase of a new frock or suit, you should by all means purchase your corset first. The corset is the foundation of your entire appearance, and no frock, no matter how expensive, will be smart unless your corset has the correct new lines.

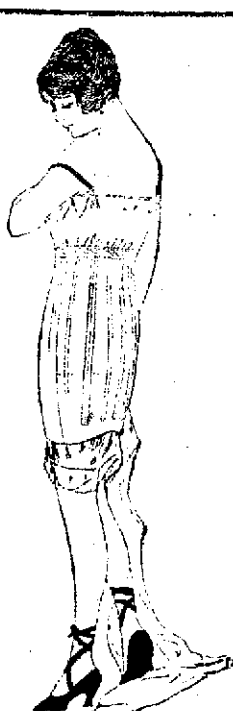
FOR EVERY FIGURE: In our complete assortment of the new styles in Gossard Front Lacing Corsets, we have a model for every known type of figure. The prices run from \$2 to \$12.50, depending upon the material used. The lower priced Gossards are correct in style, and will give splendid wearing service. Our experienced corsetiers will be glad to give you their expert advice and a personal fitting at any time.



Model 250. Price \$2.00

A new model at a new price. It has a medium high bust, is straight in outline, lightly boned and long enough to envelop the entire lower figure. Its adaptability is not limited to one type; it will give the desired long straight relaxed lines to the mature figure and also will be popular for young and slender women requiring a long corset not heavily boned. Its equal does not exist at the price. Guaranteed for service and style.

\$2.00



Model 366. Price \$3.50

This corset has perfectly flat hip and back lines combined with large waist and very low bust. The boning is light and flexible, giving to the figure the appearance of perfect freedom and relaxation now demanded by fashion. This model is not recommended for figures having small waist and extremely large hips.

\$3.50



Model 551. Price \$5.00

This corset has been very carefully designed to meet the latest style features combined with an adaptability to the average figure which will guarantee its becoming a very popular model and giving perfect satisfaction to every woman to whom it is fitted. It has very low bust with ample fullness over diaphragm and back, long flat hip and back lines, with three elastic section in skirts.

\$5.00



Model 551. Price \$6.50

This model will prove more adaptable than any other corset at its price. It is very low in the bust and has ample fullness in the back, which is slightly higher than usual with flesh above the waist. The greatest degree of comfort. The back is flat and hips straight, with a slight incurve at waist under bust.

\$6.50



Model 750. Price \$7.50

Women having very full development over diaphragm will find this model exceedingly desirable. The clasps which have been lengthened above the waist support and control this fullness. The top of corset rounds down from the clasps so that this model combines the support of a higher corset with the comfort of a low one.

\$7.50



Model 408. Price \$8.50

This model is extremely long and straight in the skirt, with waist proportionately large. In the 10 inch corset the bust is very low. The 11 inch length has bust one inch higher, the skirts of both being the same length. The elastic sections at sides and back are so placed as to hold the lower portion of the corset very clearly and allow sufficient expansion for comfort in walking and when seated. While extreme, this model can be worn by most women.

\$8.50

The Semi-Fitting and Moyen Age styles now in Vogue demand a hook in front brassiere, or one which has a cross-over-in front finish; of these we are showing both the B. & J. and Gossard Brassiere in several of the leading Models. Priced 50c and \$1.00. THE BONED BRASSIERE makes it possible for a Woman to wear a low corset with both the loose and Semi-Fitted gowns, by simply changing the type of the Brassiere worn. The Bones extend from the top to the bottom of the Brassiere, allowing the bust to take a natural position. The bones simply give a sufficient amount of support to produce a smooth effect.

A. W. LEONARDSON COMPANY

PERSONAL

September 22, 1914

M. O. Skinner, of DuBois, was a Clearfield visitor Monday.

G. W. Beer, a farmer of Sandy township, is a juror this week.

P. F. McCalla, of East Pittsburgh, was in Clearfield yesterday.

John Tate, of St. Marys, whose business is in town Monday.

Robert Altmeyer, of DuBois, had business in town yesterday.

John Burdette, of DuBois, spent yesterday in Clearfield.

Frank Teet, of DuBois, spent yesterday with Clearfield friends.

Mrs. S. T. Wilson, of Clearfield, was a Clearfield shopper today.

A. P. Fry, of Burnside, a successful farmer, is a juror this week.

Harry Saulton, of Philadelphia, was a business visitor in Clearfield Monday.

James Beach, a DuBois township carpenter, is serving as a juror this week.

S. G. Shoff, the Becraft farmer, is helping the court with civil cases this week.

Harry Cragg, of Morristown, attended to business affairs in Clearfield today.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Ross and son, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cole.

John A. McClelland, of DuBois, was a business visitor in Clearfield yesterday.

Joseph Holloper, a Union township farmer, is serving on the jury this week.

James Walsh of Harrisburg spent yesterday in town looking after business matters.

John Sterling, of Lumber City, attended to business affairs in Clearfield Monday.

Boyd Crisman, the Clearfield blacksmith is attending court as a juror this week.

Misses Eva Gifford, Hannah Hughes and Gusie Craft spent Sunday at Schryver's farm.

George Scott, of Phillipsburg, was a member of the arbitration board which met here yesterday.

Richard Morris and Arthur White motored to Clearfield to attend to business matters yesterday.

C. E. Morgan, general manager of the Allegheny Mining Co., was a Clearfield visitor yesterday.

Earle Hersey, who has been visiting friends in Clearfield, returned to his home in Lancaster today.

Mrs. L. B. Norris, of Clearfield, spent the day at the home of her son C. B. Norris, on Second street.

Harry Evans, of Cooper township, is in Clearfield having been drawn as a juror for this week's court.

Miss Margaret Butler and brother Francis are visiting at the home of their grandparents, in Cherry Tree.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Reese have returned from Hopkinton, Iowa, where they spent the past month with relatives.

Mrs. William Heman, of Milton is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Noris, on Second street.

Miss Blanche Van Tassel and Helen Harris, of DuBois visited with the Misses Cole, on West Front street, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Blakely, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Blakely and Austin, Jr., and Irvin, Jr., made a short visit at the home of A. L. Cole.

Ben Clark, president of the operators association, of Piquette, attended the arbitration meeting in the U. M. W. of A. office yesterday.

Clarence Austin, Frederick Wright and Paul Watson went to Pittsburgh on Monday and will attend the University of Pittsburgh, which opens on Monday.

William D. Reed, of West Market street, left on Monday for Pittsburgh where he will enter the University of Pittsburgh, taking up a special student course.

Charles S. Strong and son drove down from Anasewille this morning, and spent the day in town. Mr. Strong is a justice of the peace of Jordan township and makes a very efficient official.

C. F. Saupp, of Houtdale, is a juror and gave this office a pleasant call today. Mr. Saupp is a wagon maker and says Houtdale is a much better town today than it was twenty-five years ago.

Millinery Opening.

First showing of Fall Hats, Thursday evening, September 24, from 7 to 10 P. M. A full line of styles and colors in shapes and trimmings at reasonable prices. Pretty hat frames 50 cents up. A cordial invitation is extended to everybody.

MRS. M. E. MEASE,

223 Reed St., Clearfield, Pa.

9 22 St.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF



REMAINS LEFT IN WAKE OF THE GERMAN ARMY

This photograph shows the ruins of a street in the Belgian city of Ypres after the city had been bombed and fired by German aviators.

The Trey O'Hearts

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Black Sea," "The Lone Wolf," etc.

This accomplished, the men turned attention to Rose, leaping her in a moment's time at Barcus' side.

"The tide will be high," she said, "precisely at sunset. You may time your lives by that. When the sun dips into the sea, then will your lives go down with it."

She turned on her heel and strode swiftly away, with not so much as a backward glance, overtook her men, and passed quickly from sight around the fashed point of rocks.

For some time Barcus struggled feebly with his bonds. As for Rose, she wasted no strength in struggling—perhaps had none to waste. When he looked her way he saw her exquisite profile unmarred by any line of fear or doubt, sharply relieved against the darkness of the rising flood. Her level gaze without a tremor traversed the rising flood to its far horizon.

He noted that already the waters had risen more than an inch. Humbled even in his terror by that radiant calm that dwelt upon her, he captured diffidently: "Rose—Miss Rose—"

She turned her head and found the heart to smile. "Rose," she corrected gently.

"I'm sorry," he said—which was not at all what he had meant to say. "I've done my best. I suppose it's wrong to give up—but they've made it too much for me this time."

"You know," she said gently. "You"—he stammered—"you're not afraid."

"There is nothing to fear," she said, "death."

"Then," he said more bravely, after a time—the water now was near his chin—"good-by—good luck!"

"Not yet, dear friend," she returned, "not yet."

But the sun was perilously close upon the rim of the world. But a little more, and it would be night.

He closed his eyes to shut out the vision of its slow, implacable descent. The water was now almost level with his lips; it seemed strange that

his throat could be so dry, so parched.

He opened his eyes, shuddering. "It's good-by now," he faltered.

"Not yet!" her voice rang beside him, vibrant. "Look—up there—along the cliff!"

He lifted his gaze.

Two men were running along the cliff—and the man in the lead was Alan. But his head was very bent, and the man who pursued was one of

Judith's, and stuck to the trail like a blood-hound fresh from the leash.

And now the water was at his lips; Barcus could no more speak without strangling.

Of a sudden he groaned in his heart, though there was no painable way down the cliff, still the sight of his friend alive and unhurt had brought with it a thrill of hope, now that hope died as he saw Alan stumble and go to his knees.

Before he could rise the other was upon him, with the fury of a wolf seeking the throat of a stag.

For an instant they fought like madmen; then, in a trice, the sky line of the cliff was empty; one or the other had tripped and fallen over the brink, and falling had retained hold of his enemy and carried him down as well.

By no chance, Barcus told himself, could either escape uninjured.

Yet, to his amazement, he saw one man break from the other's embrace and rise. And he who lay still, a crumpled, inhuman heap upon the sands, was Judith's man.

With a violent effort, Barcus lifted his mouth above water and shrieked: "Alan! Alan! Help! Here—at the end of the point—in the water—help!"

A precious minute was lost before Alan discovered their two heads, so barely above that swiftly rising flood.

Then he ran toward them as he had never run before, and as he came whipped out a jack-knife and freed its blade.

Even so—since it was, of course, Rose whom Alan freed the first—Barcus was half-drowned before Alan heaved him in turn up to the beach.

And as this happened the last blood red rim of the sun was washed under by the waves.

Two minutes later the lifeboat was afloat, and Mr. Barcus, already recovered, was laboring with the flywheel of the motor, stimulated to supreme exertion by the sight of a party, led by Judith, racing madly down the beach.

But it was not until well out from shore and on the way to the safety promised by the mainland—now readily discernible on the horizon—that any one of them found time for speech.

Then Mr. Barcus straightened up from his assiduous attentions to the motor, and observed:

"You bear a charmed life, my adventurous friend. I want to tell you that when I saw you go over that cliff I made up my mind your usefulness would be at least permanently impaired. As it is, I don't mind telling you that if ever I set out on this affair alive, I'm going to have a try at your life myself, just once, for luck!"

CHAPTER XVIII.
Stranded.

Mr. Thomas Barcus picked himself up from the bottom of the lifeboat, where he had been violently precipitated by the impact of grounding, blinked and wiped tears of pain from his eyes, solicitously tented his nose and seemed to derive little if any comfort from the discovery that it was not broken, opened his mouth, and remembered the presence of a lady.

"Poor Mr. Barcus!" she said gently. "I'm so sorry. Do forget I'm here—and say it out loud!"

Mr. Barcus dropped his hands and dropped his head at the same time.

"It can't be said," he complained in embittered resignation; "the words have never been invented."

In the bows Mr. Law (who had barely saved himself a headlong plunge overboard when the shoal took fast hold of the keel) felt tenderly of his excoriated shins, then, rising, compassed the sea, sky and shore with an anxious gaze.

In the offing there was nothing but the flat, limitless expanse of the night-bowed tide, near at hand vaguely silvered with the moonlight, in the distances blending into shadows; never a light or shadow, stealing sail in that quarter to indicate pursuit.

"Where are we?" he wondered aloud.

"Ask me an easy one," Barcus replied, "somewhere on the south shore of the cape—unless somebody's been tampering with the lay of this land. That's a lighthouse, over yonder."

Alan took soundings from the bows. "Barely two feet," he announced, withdrawing the oar from the water, "and eel-grass so end."

"Oh!" Barcus ejaculated with the accent of enlightenment, and leaving the motor, turned to the stern, over which he draped himself in highly undecorative fashion while groping under water for the propeller.

"That's the answer," he repeated; "there's a young bale of the said eel-

grass wrapped round the wheel. Which, I suppose, means I've got to go overboard and clear it away."

Like Mr. Law, he wore neither shoes nor other garments that could be more damaged by salt water than they had been—but only shirt, trousers and a belt.

"If you've nothing better to do, my critical friend," he observed as he stooped to back and lean at the mass of weed embarrassing the propeller, "you might step out and give us a trial shove. Don't strain yourself—just see if you can move her."

The boat budged not an inch—but Mr. Law's feet did, slipping on the treacherous mud bottom with the upshot of his downfall, with a mighty splash he disappeared momentarily beneath the surface—and left his temper behind him when he emerged.

As for Mr. Barcus, he suffered like loss within five minutes; when, with much pains and patience having freed the wheel, he climbed aboard and sought to restart the motor. After a few affecting coughs it relapsed into stubborn silence.

Stolid examination at length brought out the fact that the gasoline tank was empty.

"Not so much as a smell left," Barcus reported.



Dug Into His Money Belt.

"It's no use," he conceded at length. "We're here for keeps."

"Why not wade ashore?" Rose Trine suggested mildly from the place she had taken in the stern in order to lighten the bows. "It isn't far—and what's one more wading?"

"That's the only sensible remark that's been uttered by any party to this lunatic enterprise since you have within earshot of me, Mr. Law," said Mr. Barcus. "Respectfully submitted."

"The verdict of the lower court stands approved," Alan responded gravely.

"But there's no sense in Miss Trine wading," Barcus suggested. "We're web-footed as it is, and she's too tired."

"Well, what then?"

"We can carry her, can't we?"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Geet!" he grunted frankly, when after a toilsome progress from the boat, Rose at length slipped from the seat formed by the clasped hands of the two men. "And it was me who suggested this!"

The girl responded with a quiet laugh of the most natural effect imaginable—until it ended in a sigh, and without the least warning she crumpled upon herself, and would have fallen heavily in a dead faint, but for Alan's quickness.

"Good Lord!" Barcus exclaimed, as Alan gently lowered the inert body of the girl to the sands. "And to think I didn't understand she was so nearly all in—chaffing her like that! I'd like to kick myself!"

"Don't be impatient," Alan advised grimly. "I'm busy just at present, but I didn't understand she was so nearly all in—chaffing her like that! I'd like to kick myself!"

Meaning, you might fetch some water to revive her."

It was an order by no means easy to fill; Barcus had only his cupped hands for a vessel, and little water remained in them by the time he had dashed from the shallows back to the spot where Rose lay unconscious, while the few drops he did manage to sprinkle into her face availed nothing toward rousing her from the trance-like slumbers of exhaustion into which she passed from her fainting fit.

In the end Alan gave up the effort.

The Clearfield Progress

Pure Food Directory

EVERY ARTICLE ADVERTISED IN THIS DEPARTMENT IS GUARANTEED PURE

HIGH TIME to DRINK Pure Coffee

A selected blend of CHOICE COFFEES in moisture and just proof packages.

Try our
Old Master 40c lb.
Avon Club 38c lb.
San Marto 35c lb.
Koban 30c lb.
ROSS & WOODS
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

PURE WHOLESOME CANDY

Bon Bons and Chocolates

Made from the purest
The Sugar Bowl
The Home of Pure, Wholesome Home Made Candy

HEALTH INSURANCE

Clean Milk
Ideal for the Baby and Table

This space for Sale to some live Milk Man.

ICE CREAM
for HOME USE

Made with pure ingredients and protected against dust and dirt. Absolutely pure. Just the dish for a tasty dessert.
Also try our Delicious Sodas and Sundaes made with this Ice Cream
ANNA M. CUNEO
Market and Third Sts.

BUTTER PURE AS the LILY

Made from the purest milk and packed in dust proof tubs and wrappers

G.N. Ellenberger, Fancy Groceries

PURE LARD

This Space for Sale to some Live Business Man

This Space For Sale

Fresh Every Morning
Pure, Clean Meats Government Inspected
At Jordan's Restaurant

THE SEAL OF PURITY IS ON OUR BREAD

SPACKMAN'S BAKERY
West Side Clearfield

U.S. Government Inspected

This Space For Sale

Good and Pure Like Mother used to Make

This Space For Sale

SAFETY

This Space for Sale to Any Live Milk Dealer

PATRONIZE THE STORE THAT PROTECTS YOU AGAINST IMPURE FOOD
PURE FOOD

INSIST ON RECEIVING THE ARTICLE ADVERTISED--ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE--IF YOUR GROCER HAS NOT GOT IT, MAKE HIM GET IT FOR YOU.

PURE FOOD

TURN HAIR DARK WITH SAGE TEA

If Mixed with Sulphur it Darkens so Naturally Nobody can Tell.
The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grand-mother's treatment, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.
Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the musky mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" for about 50 cents a bottle. It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb of a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, he side, beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance which is so attractive; besides, prevents dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair.
"But I must send a telegram," Alan protested. "I tell you, I must. It's a matter of life and death."
(To be Continued.)

JACOBSON'S
Furniture, Rugs, Stoves and Household Goods
—AT—
POPULAR PRICES
—AT—
JACOBSON'S
212 REED STREET

Autos For Hire!
For any Occasion
2 Cars. Prices Reasonable
Lawrence C. Barret
Dimeling Hotel or 434 Spruce St.

CURWENSVILLE

Edited by G. F. Kittleberger, Jr.

Football Game.

The High School football team will play the All-Curwensville team Wednesday afternoon at 1:15. The High school team averages 140 pounds to the man against their opponents' 162 pounds. The All-Curwensville backfield is composed of Watt, L. E., Anderson, F. B., Clark, Q. B., and Irwin, L. H. Mullen, R. E., will do the drop-kicking.

A. N. Miller left today for a trip to Punxsutawney.

Miss Clara Marshall spent the day in Curwensville.

CORRESPONDENCE

R. F. D. No. 2.

John Taylor is still making hay. He has just cut the second crop from one of his fields, and while the quality is not the best, the yield is not so large as the first crop was. It is a little dry and clover mixed.

Three men are cradling buckwheat today for Ed. Merrifield and he reminds us of "Yankee Doodle" in his highest days. We have seen 20 or more men with cradles following each other through the wheat field of Frederick and Jefferson counties, Va. They were usually led by a big colored man and the followers were made up of colored men and "four white trash" who would come down from the mountains and hills in harvest time, attracted by the fine wages offered, \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day plus food. It was about the only time these white and colored men would work together.

Orvis Ogden is excavating for a new house near East Greens.

Chas. Carney has several liters of fine pigs, also some fine large hogs.

John Zimstein has just returned from a trip to the west, during which he visited Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison, Detroit and many other points. John says the west is all right, but Pennsylvania for him.

The Mt. Zion school will hold a pie social on Friday evening, Sept. 25, the proceeds to be used to buy blinds and curtains for the schoolhouse. Come out and help this worthy cause and see what the girls can do in the pie line.

ADDITIONAL PERSONALS

Mrs. Lynn Dorr is visiting at Kiskiminetas.

Mrs. I. M. McKee has returned from a visit to friends at Big Run.

Miss Pearl Yeckley has returned from a visit to friends in DuBois.

E. C. Davis, of Ramey, spent yesterday with relatives in Clearfield.

Lee Edwards, of Osceola, was a business visitor in Clearfield today.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Thomas, of Rimersburg, were Clearfield visitors today.

Robert Alexander, of Philipsburg, was a business visitor in Clearfield yesterday.

Arthur Parker, of Philipsburg, spent the first of the week with friends in this place.

William Hines, editor of the DuBois Journal, spent the morning in Clearfield.

Dr. Stanley Barrett and wife, of Wrentham, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Barrett.

Charles Strong, of Ansonville, spent the day in Clearfield attending to business affairs.

Mrs. Lillian Taylor, of Ridgway, is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. H. Halford, this week.

James and William Bates of Philipsburg, were Clearfield visitors Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Margaretta Boag, of Boardman, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Clyde Staver, yesterday.

Miss Charlotte Smith left on the 1:15 train today for Philadelphia to teach in the Holman school on Walnut street.

William Kraus, formerly manager of the Regal 5 and 10 cent store here, now of Philipsburg, was a Clearfield visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kirkman, of Clymer, motored to Clearfield and spent the week-end at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. W. E. Phillips, of Fourth street.

Miss Ruth McMurray of Ramey, is visiting at the home of John Forsyth.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Heinen, of Milton and Mrs. L. C. Norris spent Tuesday visiting relatives in Curwensville.

H. P. Dowler, of Hildwood, is visiting in town.

Tom Fern, of Jordan, was a business visitor at the court house today.

Misses Nancy and Julia Miller leave Thursday for Baltimore, where Miss Julia will enter the Peabody Musical conservatory as a student. From there Miss Nancy will go to New York and spend two months with her friends.

Singletons Bell and daughters, Gertrude and Julia, and Misses Agnes Weaver and Helen Marrie, of DuBois, left today for Pittsburgh to attend



CROWN PRINCE OF ENGLAND LEADS HIS TROOP TO THE WAR. The prince of Wales, the future king of England, is here seen leading the Coldstream guards to the front.

Miss Emily Potter's wedding at which Julia Bell, Agnes Weaver and Helen Marrie will be bridesmaids.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Wrigley, son William and daughter Margaret will leave upon a motor trip to Philadelphia tomorrow, where Margaret will enter the Ogontz school.

H. P. Dowler is moving into their new home on West Market street this week.

EX HITS \$100 CHECK PAID TO FUGITIVES

There is being exhibited in Jeweler W. W. Howe's store window a check for \$100 which the Jewelers' Security alliance is paying to Chief McHenry and Officer Eadie for the arrest and conviction of Harry Elzweiler, who pried off the hinges fastening a permanent show case to the building and opening the case stole about \$30 worth of eyeglasses, spectacles and automobile goggles on August 4.

Elzweiler, having a local reputation and having served two terms in the reformatory, was suspected and forced to go to the brick yard where he had hidden the glasses and return them. The same night he had broken into other places and committed petty thefts. He was given a term of 2 to 3 years in the western penitentiary.

The Jewelers' Security alliance has a large membership, each member displaying a card offering a reward of \$100 for the arrest and conviction of any one committing burglary on the premises and the alliance always makes good its promises in reward, and has a record for placing many thieves in the penitentiary.

NELLIE McHENRY BACK AMONG HER FRIENDS

The part of "Cuddles," the eccentric maid in "A Pair of Sixes," which is playing at the opera house this evening, is taken by the clever actress, Nellie McHenry, who has for years been a star and will be remembered as having toured this part of the country before in Salesbury's "Troubadours." Miss McHenry played leading parts in "Green Room Fun," "The Brook" and "A Night at the Circus." The last six years she has been playing in Bret Hart's "Mills."

Mr. Frazee, the manager of "A Pair of Sixes" company, after some difficulty secured Nellie McHenry to play this part in "A Pair of Sixes," which she says equals "Three of a Kind."

The company played in Johnstown last evening, where Miss McHenry was royally entertained by the Elks on Sunday.

Benefit Supper. Chicken and waffles, coffee, ice cream and cake. Price 10 cents at Masonic hall, on Reed street, Thursday evening, Sept. 24, for the Benefit of Allen A. M. E. church.

The pastor Rev. A. Q. Norton, leaves Oct. 6 to attend conference. We desire to hip him on his support. Supper from 5 to 8 o'clock. We are prepared to eat at one sitting fifty and more.

Committee—The Official: Board Mrs. Rose Williams, president.

FALL MILLINERY OPENING WAS DELIGHTFUL SUCCESS

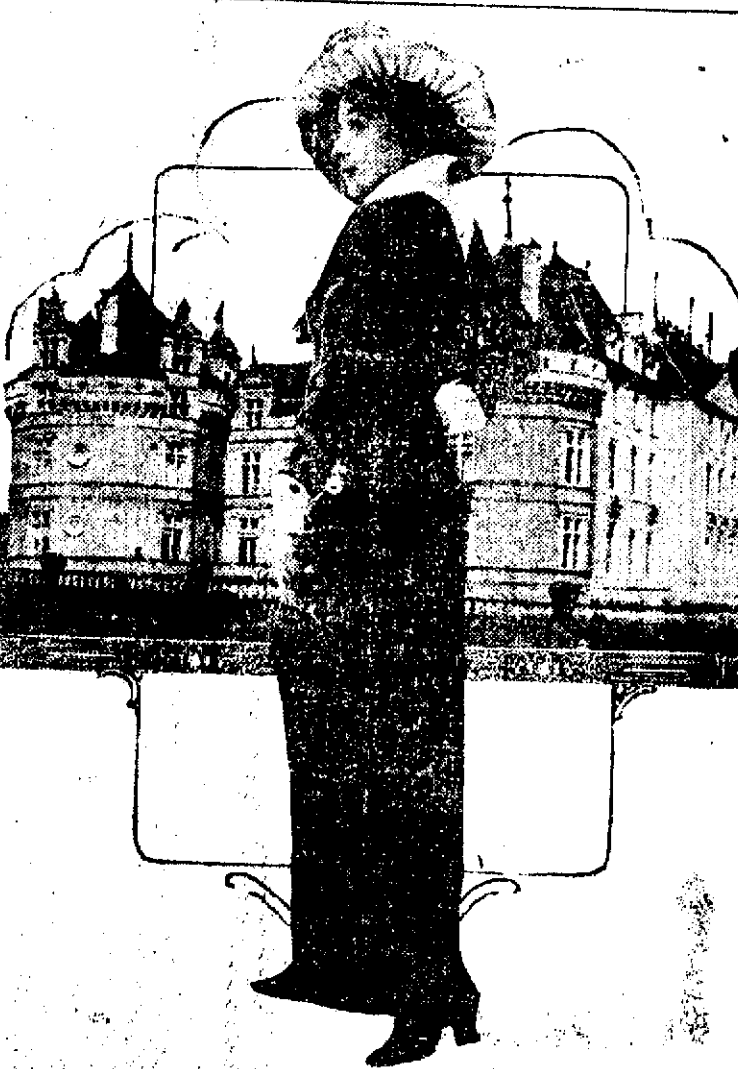
Miss S. L. Hahn's fall millinery opening held last evening was a delightful success. The store rooms on Market street were prettily decorated and the hats displayed were of the latest style. The many Clearfield women who attended the opening were highly pleased with the display of tasteful headgear.

Evangelical Appointment. At the annual conference of the Evangelical church of the Pittsburgh district, P. W. Berlin was appointed to the DuBois charge.

Siansonset Wireless President Belligerent

(By International News Service.) Washington, Sept. 22.—The Marconi wireless company will be given until tonight to accede to the government's demands in connection with the Radio station at Siansonset, Mass. Failing to recognize the government's consent to the station will be closed. This ultimatum was issued upon long.

The Basque's the Thing



The most prominent feature in all authoritative displays of new styles in gowns is the basque. It is shown in several developments, including models which hang straight from the shoulders to the swell of the hips. But this model is not as graceful as those which follow the outline of the figure. None of them is tight-fitting. They fasten either in front or the back.

A gown designed by one of the foremost French couturiers is shown in the picture given here. It is an excellent combination of the new basque and plaited skirt in a one-piece garment. Where the basque and skirt join, a narrow girde of the material of the dress is sewed down and finished with a small bow at the back. Fancy buttons are set on, but in reality the basque is fastened with hooks and eyes.

The front of the garment is cut like the back, in a "V" shape at the neck. This gives opportunity for the introduction of white next to the face. A

gumpe with flaring collar made of fine organdie fills in the open space.

The basque hangs straight from the bust at the front. The shoulders and body are cut in one and the shoulders are very long. In this, as in other basque models, long sleeves are shown. They taper in toward the waist, and cuffs are worn with them. In the gown pictured the cuffs are of organdie, but stiff linen cuffs are very smart, worn with black satin gowns.

Women will welcome the return of plaited skirts. The plaits are pressed down and the skirts at most are two yards wide. This gives room for a comfortable stride, but preserves the effect of a narrow skirt.

A very new basque has been made in which a straight panel is set in down the back. The underarm portions are gathered and joined to the panel with a piping. Piping, in fact, are much in evidence on many of the new gowns.

Women will welcome the return of plaited skirts. The plaits are pressed down and the skirts at most are two yards wide. This gives room for a comfortable stride, but preserves the effect of a narrow skirt.

OBITUARY

SMILES.

Thomas Smiles, a well known and respected resident of Houtzdale, died Friday of last week, aged 62 years. He was a native of England, but had lived in Houtzdale since 1869. He was a charter member of the Odd Fellows Lodge of Osceola. Two sisters and two brothers survive, viz. Mrs. Joseph Pickering, of Clearfield, formerly of Philadelphia; Mrs. John Wilson, of Bradford; and John and Jacob Smiles, of Houtzdale. He was buried yesterday in the Houtzdale cemetery.

THOMPSON

Mrs. Helen Thompson died at Franklin Sunday, Sept. 6, aged 76 years. She was born in Franklin and was married in 1859 to William A. Thompson, a native of Clearfield county, who went to Franklin in 1863. Her husband was killed in a torpedo explosion near Franklin in 1872, being one of the first oil well drillers to meet such a death. The funeral of Mrs. Thompson was held on Thursday, Sept. 10.

Hebrew New Year.

Sunset yesterday ushered in the observance of the feast of Rosh Hashanah, the Hebrew New Year, in all the Orthodox and Reformed synagogues. The holiday will end tonight.

Priceless Decorations Ruined.

(By International News Service.) London, Sept. 22.—The Telegraph's correspondent wires that the Reims cathedral was not destroyed, though the priceless decorations were ruined.

British Aid Japanese.

(By International News Service.) Tokyo, Sept. 22.—The British have agreed to cooperate with the Japanese against Tsing-Tao.

Burgess Callahan Improved. Burgess Callahan who has been confined to his bed with rheumatism, is much better today and was able to be up part of the day.

Evangelists Leave.

Rev. Fulton and Rev. Houston, who have been conducting the evangelistic meetings in Curwensville the last two weeks, left today.

Lawmaker's Centenary.

Benjamin Goodhue, one of the early senators from Massachusetts and the author of many of the revenue laws that still remain on the statute books of the United States, died 100 years ago at his home in Salem, Mass. Mr. Goodhue was a native of Salem, and a graduate of Harvard college. After leaving college he embarked in foreign trade and soon was numbered among the great ship owners and merchants for which Salem at that time was famous the world over. He represented Salem in the First, Second and Third congresses, and, in collaboration with Congressman Fitzsimons of Philadelphia, drew up a code of revenue laws for the new republic. Mr. Goodhue served in the United States senate from 1796 to 1800, when he resigned on account of failing health.

War Map Coupon

Latest European War Map

Given Away By The Progress

Every reader presenting four coupons and 10 cents to cover postage expenses.

THE MAP. To city of Philadelphia, for the Progress, each or more copies of the "LATEST EUROPEAN WAR MAP" given away. This is the "LATEST EUROPEAN WAR MAP" given away. It is a map of Europe, showing the latest developments of the war. It is a map of Europe, showing the latest developments of the war. It is a map of Europe, showing the latest developments of the war.

The County National Bank OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and the practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, going to the credit of the bank, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, \$1,000,000.00
Saved from Earnings, \$500,000.00
Present Invested Capital, \$1,500,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed. We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department.

We'll take the best of care of it after you start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit—come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

LOST?

\$696,967,261.00

Before the first guns had thundered forth their message of European strife, America had begun to pay the penalty of fear and uncertainty. In one short week the quotations of 100 leading American securities had shrunk \$696,967,261.00.

But it was not a shrinkage of American making. It was a result of the desire of European security holders to trade their securities for cash. Cash is a handy thing in war times.

War means ordinarily peaceful merchants shooting guns at normally peaceful farm hands; factory operatives busily engaged in sabering machinists; baker boys galloping madly about on horses which ought to be hauling bread.

Business and War have nothing in common. When war starts abroad Business goes elsewhere, and Money is the boon companion of Business.

When Europe sold back to us millions of dollars of securities it was in an effort to obtain money with which to later purchase from us some of the things Europe must have. Europe is an old customer of ours, but she is expecting to buy now more largely than ever before, and her \$300,000,000 income from globe-trotting Americans will probal y be missing this coming year.

Meanwhile, Europe has been compelled to shut up her own shop. There are new faces looking at us across our counters and fingering our goods. Europe used to number them among her customers.

Let's straighten up the counters and dust off the shelves. It looks as if business was going to be brisk and we might as well be ready. And if necessary to hire extra help to look after trade, we'd better start looking around for it now.

Dancing Dancing

Thursday Evening, Sept. 24

1914

Don't Fail to See the Great Demonstration of Modern Dances

Dancing From 9 to 12 Music by Wallace and Hoover